

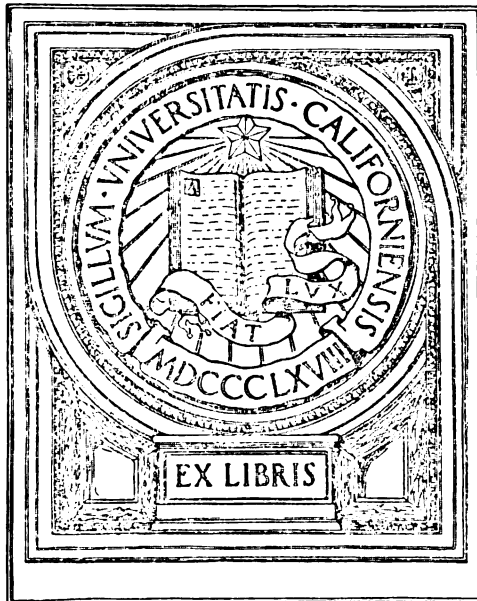
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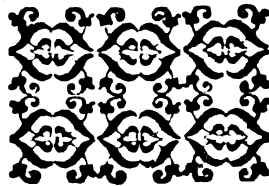
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THE ILE OF GVLS.

As it hath been often playd in the blacke
Fryars, by the Children of
the Reuels.

Written by Iohn Day.



Imprinted at London , and are to bee
sold by Iohn Hodgets in Paules Church-
yard. 1606.

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The Ile of Gulls.

Enter severally 3. Gentlemen, as to see a play.

1 **H** Ow now gallants, what ist? what ist?
2 *The Ile of Gulls.*
3 The Ile of Gulls, what should that be?
4 A play by the name, but come shals quarter our selves?
1 If some had had the wit to doe so in time, they might ha laude the hangman a labour. But come hoy, furnish vs with stooles.

Enter Prologus.

Prol. Pardon me sir, my office is to speake a Prologue, not to provide you stooles.

1 And you were the Epilogue to sir -
2 Fir be not inciuill: dost heare youth, prethe whats he that discouerd your new found Land, the Ile of Gulls? what is hee?

Prol. A meere stranger sir.

3 A stranger? the better welcome: comes hee East-ward, West-ward, or North-ward hee?

Prol. None of the three waies I assure you.

1 Prethe where is he?

Prol. Not on his knees in a corner, to *Apollo* praying that his play may hold in a good hand at Palladge, nor on the stage amongst gallants, preparing a bespoke Plaudite; but close in his studie writing hard, to get him a handsome suite against Sommer.

2 And where sits his friends? hath he not a prepared company of gallants, to aplaud his iests, and grace out his play.

Prol. None I protest: Doe Poets vs to bespeake their Auditory.

3 The best in grace doe, and but for that, some that I know, had neuer had their grace in Poetry till this day.

Prol. Then must our Author looke for a certaine disgrace, for he is altogether vnfurnisht of such a friendly audience.

1 Then he must lay his myall vpon God and good wits. But why doth he call his play *The Ile of Gulls*, it begets much expectation.

Prol. Not out of any dogged disposition, nor that it figures anie certaine state, or princely government: farre be that supposition from

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The Ile of Gulls.

the thought of any indifferent Auditor: and the argument being a little string or Rioulet, drawne frō the full streine of the right worthy Gentleman, Sir *Phillip Sydney*s well knowne Archadea, confirms it: onely a Duke to make tryall of certaine experiments, retires with his retinue into a Namelesse desert. Now as well for fashion sake, as that all those which haue to doe in that desert, are guld in the reach of their hopes, therefore hee calls it, (and as hee presumes, not improperly) *The Ile of Gulls.*

1 Out a question he hath promised thee some fee, thou pleadest so hard for him, but and he be a right Poet hee will neuer performe it. But what method obserues hee in his play, ist any thing Criticall? Are Lawyers fees, and Cittizens wines laid open in it: I loue to heare vice anotomizd, & abuse let blood in the maister vaine, is there any great mans life charactred int?

Pro. None I protest sir, only in the person of *Dametas* he expresses to the life the monstrous and deformed shape of vice, aswell to beget a lothing of abuse, as that his villanie may giue the greater lustre to the vertuous dispositions of true-borne gentilitie.

1 All thats nothing to mee, and there be not Wormewood water and Copperes int, Ile not like it, should *Apollo* write it, and *Refus* himselfe act it,

2 Fic vpon thee, thou art too too Criticall: is there any good bawdry int, icsts of an ell deepe, and a fathome broad, good cuckolding, may a couple of young-setters-vp learne to doe well int? Give me a steane of venery, that will make a mans spirits stand on theyr type toes, and die his blood in a deepe scarlet, like your *Onids* *Ar*s *A-mandi*, there flowes the true Spring-head of Poetry, and the varie Christall foant of Parnassius.

Pro. Chast eares would neuer endure it sir.

2 Chast eares, now deafenes light vppon em, what should chaste eares doe at a play.

3 Tis strange now, I am of neither a both your opinions, I like neither rayling nor bawdry: no, giue mee a stately pend historie, as thus, *The rugged mindes, with rude and ragged ruffes. &c.*

2 Fic vpon, meere Fustian; I had rather heare two good bawdie icsts, then a whole play of such teare-cat thunderclaps.

Pro. Alas Gentlemen, how ist possible to content you? you will haue rayling, and inuectiues, which our Author neither dares, nor affects:

The Ile of Gulls.

affects: you bawdy and scurrill jests, which neither becomes his modestie to write, nor the eare of a generous Auditor to heare: you must ha swelling comparisons, and bumbast Epithites, which are as fit for the body of a Comedie, as *Hercules* shooe for the foote of a Pygmy: yet all these we must haue, and all in one play, or tis already condemned to the hell of eternall disgrace.

1 Looke root, if there be not gall int, it shall not passe.

2 If it be not bawdie, tis impossible to passe.

3 If it be both Criticall and bawdy, if it be not high written, both your Poet and the house to, loose a friend of me.

Prol. Nay I beseech you sir, if you be his friend, stand so to him still, for he hath too many enemies already, in whose iudgements, he and his labours stand excommunicate, as though unworthy to present themselves in this assembly.

1 Enemies, nays foote then theres some hope in's play, for Enuie neuer workes but against desert and meritt. If hee be enuied theres some worth in him, and Ile see out his play for that onely.

2 Faith and Ile see an act or two out, but I tell you afore-hand I cannot see it out.

3 Not see it out? your reason.

2 Fore God I lay in bed till past three a clock, slept out my dinner, and my stomacks will coule to supper afore five, therefore you must pardon me.

Prol. Either see it all or none; for tis growne into a custome at playes, if any one rise (especially of any fashionable sort) about what serious busines soeuer, the rest thinking it in dislike of the play, they be neuer thinks it, cry auew, by Iesus vilde; and leaue the poore hartlesse children to speake their Epilogue to the emptie seates.

3 Why doost thinke thy audience like a flock of sheepe, that one cannot leape ouer a hedge, but all the rest will follow, they ha more of reason in them then so.

2 Well, Ile sit out the play, and be but to auoyd that sheepish imitation, but see it be bawdy, or by this light I and all my friends will

Prol. You should not deale gentleman-like with vs els. (Exit.)

Prologus.

The miserie that waites vpon the pen
Of the best Writers, iudge it gentlemen,
Let them expresse the very soule of wit,

The Fle of Gulls.

And want Opinions voice to countenance it,
 Tis like the idle buzzing of a flie,
 Heard, not regarded: wretched Poetrie:
 If a write mirth, tis Rybaldry, and meane,
 Scorn'd of chaste cares. If he compose a Sceane
 Of high writ Poetrie, fitting a true stage,
 Tis counted fustian: If portick rage
 Strike at abuse, or ope the vaine of sinne,
 He is straight inform'd against for libelling.
 Neither quick mirth, inuestiue, nor high stile,
 Can content all: such is the boundlesse hate
 Of a confused Audience: Then we
 That scarcely know the rules of Poetrie
 Cannot scape check. Yet this our comfort is,
 The wise will smile to heare th'impartiall hiss.
 We neither bragge, nor tremble, faint nor intreat,
 Our merrius nothing, yet our hopes are great,
 Yet this our Author bad me boldly speake,
 His play shall passe, let Enuie swell and breake,
 Detraction he scornes, honours the best,
 Tanti for hate; thus low to all the rest. *Exit.*

Actus primus. scena prima.

Enter Basilus, Gynetia, Hipolita, Violetta, Lord attendants.

Basil: Welcom gallants, welcom honor'd bloods; the reason that we haue vncloth'd vs of our princely government in Arcadia, and haue to doe with this priuate retirement heere in this desert Ile, you shall find in that shedale, onely thus much for publique satisfaction: Tis not strange to you, that the choicest treasure Nature indow'd vs with, is mynde vp in the vaines of my two daughters: howe much their quiet, and the smothe streame of our government in Arcadia, was troubled by the impetuous concourse of vntruly sisters, is familiar with your knowledge; this to auoide, I haue for my Image there in my absence appointed my brother, and vnderooke this priuate retirement.

Gy. Why my lord, are you so conetous of your daughters beauties, that their perfections shall be a meanes to hinder their preferment?

Bas. Rather to further it faire Queene: they are the onely pearles of our age, and to see them well set in honourable and well-befitting marriage,

The Ile of Gulls.

Marriage, is our wishes happines.
To which effect we have sent a generall challenge
To all the youthfull bloods of Affrica,
That whosoever (borne of princely stem)
Dares foote the bosome of this desert Ile,
(The stage where Ile performe this louners prize)
And by his wit and active pollicie,
Woe; win, in vice, or any way defeat
Me of my charge, my daughters of their harts,
Shall with their lounes weare my imperiall crowne
Wreathe of their conquest.

Hip. A prize, a prize, rare worke for Fencers.

Viol. What coward would not venter a crackt crowne for such a

Basil. To that intent our Island is fenc't in (bootie?)

By sea and Land, and at each corner build
A Castle for defence, which like great men
Doe over-looke Archades: over which,
We haue appointed Captaines. More to desire,
Is more then we are willing to discover.

Hip. Well then sister, I see we must to hap-hazard for husbands.

Viol. God send me one with a good face and I care not.

Hip. Loue and be thy will, send mee one with a fayre table in his
forhead, like Time.

Viol. Nay, and his face be good, let mee alone to tricke his fore-
head, a country-gentlewoman taught me how: But father I wonder
how you dare vndertake such a peremptory challenge against all
comers, considering you haue beene so long troubled with an Ague.

Basil. An ague? what ague?

Hip. VVhy your quotidian, *Damocles* the Court farset, hee that
dwells in your eye, like a disease in your blood.

Viol. And the Presence were not exceeding empty-stomacks, it
would neuer digest such Almes-basket-scrap, the very fall & gar-
bidge of gentry; he vpon him, he becomes the great chamber worke
then a Gentleman-viber with wry legges.

Hip. He is the most mishapen face of gentility that euer the Court
wore.

Viol. Had hee not beene of my fathers owne making, I should
hae condemn'd his taylor for an exceeding botcher.

Basil.

The Fle of Gulls.

Basil. If you retaine the loue of children, or the dutie of subiects, expresse it in your obedience, we know *Dametas* loues vs.

Viles. As Captaines and Courtiers do old widdowes, for profit and preferment.

Basil. In signe whereof we make him.

Hip. Nay, you haue bestowed too much of the making of him vp already.

Viol. The very making of him vp, has stood you in more than the whole out sides worth.

Basil. In my free thoughts you wrong him, therefore to expresse our loue, and to giue the world publique note of his loyaltye, we create him your Gardian.

Viol. How father, my Gardian.

Basil. I mynion, yours.

Viol. Doe you heare father, bid him bespeake Spectacles, for my fingers haue vowd to haue a blind march with his eyes.

Basil. Well said Haggart, he make your prond hart stoope to the lure of obedience. But come, by this time our challenge is published, and our gallants with sweating in the field of Inuention, and it behoues vs not to rest vnexercised.

So to our lodge, in the meane time be it knowne,
Our breath has power to raise, or cast men downe.

Exeunt.

Enter two Captaines.

1 *Cap.* Now Captaine Obseruation, times bawde, thou that hast kept the Ages doore, whilst vp-start basenes crept into the bedde of greatnesse, what doost thou thinke of this change?

2 *Cap.* That it pleased the Duke, and becomes not subiects to examine his actions.

1 *Cap.* Thats no part of my meaning. yet would I gladly be better instructed why the Duke broke vp his Court in Archadea, and remoued it into this Iland?

2 *Cap.* I am not Secretarie to his thoughts, but the generall rumour is, that out of the freenes of his spirit, hee hath sent a challenge to all his neighbor Princes, that who soeuer (within a twelue month) can defeat him of his daughters, shall with theyr loues, inioy his dukedome, the garland proposde for the victors.

1 *Cap.* Your words throw sence into mee, and thats the cause the Iland is so surely guarded with watch-towers, quer which our solons
and

The Ile of Gulls.

and other Captaines haue the charge.

2 *Cap.* And to the end, that not affection, but desert may prooue victor, are the two Ladies so narrowly obserued, the one neuer out of the eye of her Father, the other continually in the lodge of *Dametaz*, the Dukes chiefe director.

1 *Cap.* If inquisitiuenesse be not too bolde a guest, what doe you thinke of *Dametaz*.

2 *Cap.* As of a little hillock, made great with others ruines.

1 *Cap.* Your comparison holds, for by report, his auarice has vnmade many to make him vp.

2 *Cap.* How did he first stumble on the Princes fauour?

1 *Cap.* As some doe vpon offices, by fortune and flatterie. or as truth saies, the Prince hauing one day lost his way, wandering in the woods found this *Dametaz*, affected his discourse, tooke him along to the Court, and like great men in loue with their owne dooings, countenanced his defects, gaue him offices, titles, and all the additions that goe to the making vp of a man worshipfull.

2 *Cap.* I cannot but commend the Duke for raising him, nor yet praise him, that he proportions not his carriage answerable to his forrener.

1 *Cap.* Your thoughts and mine are twynnes in that: but I heare the warning bell, some strangers are arriued.

2 *Cap.* Let vs put off then, and conduct them to *Dametaz*, whose custome is to spee & hem, whilst his scribe *Maioz* takes their Examinations.

Exeunt.

Enter Dametaz and Manasses.

Dam. *Manasses*, how doost like my play at Tennys?

Manas. You play well Sir, but you loose still.

Dam. Pollicie *Manasses*. pollicie, for when any man vpbraides me with my gettings at Court, I may sweare trulie I haue lost more then I haue got byre.

Manas. By the Tennis court I thinke you haue.

Dam. If by any Court, tis enough to saue mine oath.
But what doe our spruce-witted gallants say of my bounty.

Ma. Faith fir according to the proportion of it, little or nothing, they say as a bankrupt, and dares not shew his head.

Dam. Then let em leaue ielling at me, though it please the Duke for some fewe good parts that he sees in me, to make me his familiar,

B.

I.

The Fle of Gulls.

I (corne to be publique, or euery Courtiers companion: but who comes heere?)

*Enter the two Captaines, with Amintor & Iulio two Princes, attyred
one like a poore souldior, the other like a poore scholler.*

The Captaines of the watch-towers? what newes with you.

1 Cap. A couple of petitioners, ant like your worship.

Dam. Had I best take theyr petitions *Manasses?*

Ma. O in any case, though you neuer peruse em, tis the onelie course in request.

Dam. Fellowes, deliuer your petitions to my scribe Maior, and doft heare, put em vp *Manasses*, they may be wrongs to vs.

Manas. And they be, I hope they be not the first wrongs I haue put vp for your worship.

put vp their papers.

1 Cap. That fellowes pocket is like a Taylers hell, it eates vp part of euery mans due: tis an Executioner, and makes away more innocent petitions in one yeere, then a red-headed hangman cuts ropes in an age.

Dam. Now, what are you firra?

Amin. A poore souldier ant like your worship.

Da. Poore souldiers doe not like my worship, they are bad members.

Manas. Then if they had a woman to their Iudge, they should be sure to be cut off, for they cannot indure badde members in a Common-wealth.

Dam. What are you?

Iulio. A poore scholler, ant like your worship.

Dam. Poore schollers doe not like our worship neither, they raile against rich Cormorants, they are bad members to.

Manas. Cut them off both fir, and make the Land an Eunuch.

Dam. Ile take order with em I warrant thee, and I may haue my will, Ile ha neither poore scholler nor souldior about the Court.

1 Cap. The next way to make it the Ile of fooles.

Dam. Whats he talkes of fooles there? why how now fir, knowe you to whom you speake?

1 Cap. Cry your worship mercy, I had forgot your authoritie.

Dam. But I remember well enough I warrant you, I commaund you, in my name and the Dukes, to attend your gard, and you regard mee no more then a carcleffe Lawyer doth an vndone clyant,
but

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but Ile informe : the Duke shall know, out, pack.

2 *Cap.* Command your *Pages* sir, we are gentlemen.

Dam. Why so I hope are wee sir, and of the best and last edition, of the Dukes owne making.

1 *Cap.* Cry your authoritie mercy, will you discharge vs of these

Dam. You are discharged, about your busines. (passengers)

1 *Cap.* Bad fate, that wrong should set his foote on right,
And true borne Eagles stoope to this base kyte. *Exeunt.*

Dam. What an excellent trade it is to be an officer maker, Ile haue more officers, and one shall be to keepe schollers and souldiers out of the Court, for they dare not come in the great Chamber alreadie, for want of good clothes. But gods me *Manasses*, goe tell the Duke I must speake with him.

Manas. Presently sir, Ile go fetch the head to giue the foote a postet : and my maister had wit to his villanie, he would make an excellent dish for the hangman. *Exit.*

Amin. Right worshipfull.

Dam. I sir, I knowe my place is worshipfull, I tell thee knave I could hang thee by my pattennt, if it were granted once, Ile tell thee how it runnes, It allowes mee 24 knaves, 6 Kinghs, 10 fooles, 13 fellows, and 14 traytors by the yeere, take em howe, why, when, and where I please.

Iulio. I doe not thinke the Duke will euer grant it.

Dam. Why not grant it? why should you thinke he wil not grant it. Such another word & Ile send you to Limbo instantlie.

Amin. We thanke you good *Dametas*. *discover themselves.*

Iulio. I hope youle take reasonable baile for our forth-coming.

Am. The case is altered with you since you came out of *Archades*.

Dam. My honorable friends, *Iulio* and *Aminster*, my selfe and the best abilitie of my power, lies at your service.

Amin. You see how confidentlie wee presume vpon your Letters promise, in furthering vs to attaine the lovers prize.

Dam. The Dukes daughters are your owne, and in a word this shall you attaine em, some 3 daies hence I will appoint a hunting, to which I will invite the Duke & both his daughters : in this hunt will I vpon some suddaine occasion deuide the traine, and hauing singled out the two Does, I hope you haue wit enough to strike.

Amin. To strike, now we are you.

The Fle of Gulls.

Dametis. As headsmen doe, of with their maiden-heads, or if the Duke offer resistance, of with his crowne to.

Iulio. That were violence, & cleane opposite to the intent of the challenge.

Dam. Come ye are shallow, too't *vis et armis*, too't, Ile be your second, thinke of the crowne, ha my Letters transald for you, my wit wrought for you, and my inuention sweat for you, to possesse you of your loues, and seate you in the Dukedome, & come you now with tis violence, and against the intent of the challenge, I am ashamed to heare you.

Iulio. Nay *Dametis*, and your resolution be so forward, ours shal ouer-take you, wee doubted least the preferments your Lord hath heapt vpon you, had smotherd your affection to vs ward.

Amin. That was the father that begot the doubt in vs, you will appoint the hunt.

Dam. Seuer the Duke, deuide the traine, and then.

Iul. Wee ha your meaning.

Dam. Put it in execution then, but first entertaine some new disguise, as at our next meeting Ile informe you. Adiew, I shall thinke long till I see you agen.

Exit.

Amin. As a Lawyer doth for his clyant for a second fee. Herres no *Iudas*?

Iulio. Yes, and a damnd one to, for hee would betray and sell his Maister.

Amin. Tis common in such base fellowes, such Court-spyders, that weane their webbes of flatterie in the eares of greatnesse, if they can once entangle them in their quaint trecherie, they poyson em straight.

Iulio. They are like vnnescessarie wormes, who the son of greaues creates of the grosse and slimie multitude, as soone as they recover strength, they eate into the credite of true borne gentrie, vndermine and worke out the true nobilitie, to inroote & establish themselves.

Amin. And in the end, like *Esope* staru'd snake, hauing lap't the sweet milk of greatnes, made themselves strong in authoritie and friendes, they turne their slings of enuie into their preseruers bosome.

Iul. The example liues in this *Dametis*, who notwithstanding the Duke hath rais'd him to that height that hee lookes equal with him.

Iul. For the base home of inuentione, hee offers him to

The Ile of Gulls.

to sale, but let his treason live to the last minute.

Amin. For my part Ile make that vse of him that Physicians do of poyson, vse as much of him as serues for mine honest intent, & cast downe the rest, as vsfit for any necessary employement.

Julio. Let our carriage in this attempt put on no shew of violence either to the Duke, or his daughters.

Amin. And let our discourse goe so smoothly appparell'd, that it moue not the patience of the most tender care.

Julio. About it then, though his intent be base,
Our enterprise shall weare a noble face. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lisander like an Amazon.

Lisan. Archadea, thou heauen, within whose spheare
The starre that guides my motion is fixt,
I court thy gracious bosome with a kisse
For this admittance: in thine amorous armes
Fairst *Violetta*, fayrer then the flower
That christned her, and grac't her with that name
Doe play the wanton:
Onely her Father like a couetous Churle,
Owner of that vnvalued Diamond,
Hath made this desert Ile th'vnwilling chest
In which he locks her. But the fayre advantage
Of this large challenge, and my starres to friend,
Ayded by this disguise, I shall breake ope
His yron Casket, and inlarge my hope.

Enter Demetrius, and Manasses.

Manas. This way she went fir, this way.

Dam. But I say this way, I would thou shouldst know, we olde
Courtiers can hunt a Cony, and put her to the squeake, & make her
cry out like a young married wife of the first night.

Manas. For more helpe, as some of them haue done,
But there she is.

Dam. Ile vpon her presently, doost heare me sirra, thou vessell of
Infirmirie, woman, and by thy out-side little better then one of the
wicked, come hether and shew thy selfe before vs, shew thy selfe be-
fore *Demetrius*.

Lisan. *Demetrius*, *Lisander* then dissemble,
For hee's the man must worke thy entrance.

B 3

Demetrius

The Fle of Gulls.

Dam. What art thou, speake.

Lisan. My mother is the Queene of Amasons,
My selfe a virgin, married vnto Armes
And bold atchieuements, who haue pac'd the world
In quest of fayre *Antiope* my sister:
And turning homeward, the inconstant windes
And wrathfull *Neptune* cast me on this shore.

Dame. And whats your busines now you are landed?

Lisan. My busines is priuate with the Duke.

Dam. The Duke is busie, and shall speake with no body.

Lisan. I beseech you sir.

Dam. Tis no beseeching matter I assure you.

Manaf. No, neuer beseech for the matter, for except you could
beseech with the tongue of Angels, tis to no purpose with him.

Lisan. Tis strange, I haue heard thy maister is a very good man
where he takes.

Manaf. True, where he takes he is, but hee takes nothing of you,
and therefore looke for no kindnesse from him.

Lisan. Good, and doost thou take after thy maister?

Ma. No madam, I take commonly afore my maister, for where
he takes, he takes all, and leaues nothing for me to take.

Lisan. Oh, I feele your meaning.

Ma. Let my Maister haue some feeling of yours, and heele pre-
fer your sute.

Lisa. Tis not the Dukes pleasure Petitioners should buy their
accesse.

Ma. Als one, tis my maisters pleasure, and vsuall fashion.

Lisan. And I must maintaine the fashion. Worshipfull *Dametas*,
my late shipwrack as you see, hath made a defeate both of my friends
and treasure, notwithstanding, Fortune hath reseru'd me some Jewell,
which if I might request your worships in loue to except, and be a
meanes to worke my admittance to the Duke, I should become a
true detter to your loue.

Dame. VVell Madam, tho I hate nothing more then a man that
takes brybes, yet prest by your importunie, and that you tender it
in loue, least I might seeme too nice to withstand a Ladies suit, I he
weare it for your sake, and if the Duke be not too busily imployd,
worke your accesle.

Lisan.

The Ile of Gulls.

Lisan. So dooing, you shall performe the office of a dere-bought friend.
Exit Dametas.

Manaf. How quickly the tyde's turnde, but doe you heare Madam, tho I take neither afore nor after my Maister, yet take my counsell, & doe not trust my maister: If you have a sute to the Duke keepe it to your selfe, for if you trust my maister with it, heele prefer it for you, but heele begd for himselfe.

Lisan. Thats plaine coofnage.

Ma. Fie no, tis cunning in him, marry twould bee though little better then coofnage in a country gentleman: but he returnes.

Enter Dametas again.

Dam. Madam, I have becne earnest, very earnest with the Duke for your admittance.

Lisan. And have you wrought it?

Dam. I have, marry you must thinke I bestowd much labor int.

Lisan. T may be you did.

Da. T may be you did: & looke a seance like a Pothecaries wife pounding *Colliguntida*, have my braines sweat for this.

Lisan. VVhy the Jewell is right *Dametas*, had I but an Asse that would sweat me such pearle.

Dame. An Asse? and sweat such pearle, Ile bar her admittance, heere take your Jewell, the Duke will allow no admittance, & I will keepe you backe.

Lisan. Keepe mee backe, thou couldst doe no more and I were a poore mans petitioner.

Dame. And Ile doe so much beeing a rich petitioner.

Lisan. You cannot fir. You Court spaniell, you vnnecessarie murtherump, that in one night art sprung out of the roote of greatnes, I have bought my admittance, and Ile hate in *dispetto del fato*.

Da. I must adma' her, these Ladies are so inward with our tricks, theres no good to be done vppon them: well Madam, your admittance is open, will ye follow.

Lisan. With all my hart fir, Ile be the blind man and poore petitioner, and thou shalt play the Court spaniell with the silver bell, & lead me into the Presence.

Dam. Court spaniell? mum: Ile bosome what I thinke,
Old Gibe not blind, I see, altho I winke.

Exeunt.

Fine Actus primi.

Enter

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*Enter Demetrius a Prince, attyred like a wood-man,
with him his Page.*

Dem. Boy, how doost like me in this attyre?

Page. As the audience doe a bad play, scurvyly.

Dem. Is it not strange a prince should be thus metamorphosed?

Page. Not so strange as the metamorphosis of *Atax* and like your

Dem. Grace you Aggot: hast not forgot that yet? (grace,

Page. No, and yet tis a wonder I ha not, grace beeing so hidious
vfe, I me sure they say none at some Ordenaries, for at sitting down
they cannot intend it for hunger, and at rising vp, they are either
drunke, or haue such mind a dice, they neuer remember, my Lord
then.

Dem. No more Lord, sirra.

Page. Indeede there are many already, but is not this strange, that
rich men should forsake their titles? maister then.

Dem. Your will sir,

Page. You haue left many Countries behind you in seeking your
friend *Lislander*, and yet you cannot find him. *Dem.* True sir.

Page. I ha scene much golde lying vppon Lombards stalls, and
could neuer finger penny of it. *Dem.* Very well.

Page. Nay, twas not well sir.

Dem. What conclude you then?

Page. That you were best sit downe, and see what you ha got by
your iourney.

Dem. I haue scene a face as beautifull as heauen:

Page. Thats nothing, a prisoner sees the face of heauen it selfe,
when hee lookes but out at the prison-gate, He stand tooke, a man
were as good be hangd, so a meet a handsome hangman, & a strong
rope, as be in loue.

Dem. Your reason for that,

Page. Mary this fir, hanging is end of all troubles, & loue the be-
ginning. Nay further, I think a Loue cannot be sau'd, for hee is of all

Dem. Your prooffe for that. (religious,

Page. This; hee thinks with the Atheist theres no G O D but his
Mistris, with the Infidel no heauen but her smiles, with the papist no
purgatory but her frownes, & with the familie of loue, hold it law-
full to lie with her, though she be another mans wife.

Dem. So fir, what followes?

Page. Servingmen fir, the Maister goes i; before his wife, & the
servingman followes his maister.

Dem.

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Dem. Syrra forbear, I must meditate.

Page As the Viceroy before he parts with money, meditate vppon the difference.

Enter Lifander privately, and over-heares them.

Lifan. If *Lisidrius* presence ha not quenche
The nicety of all things but herselfe,
I should be more familiar with that face, shroud & obferue.

Dem. I haue left my country to seek out my friend.

Lifan. And I my country and my friend for loue.

Dem. And in the search of him haue lost my selfe
In the strange Region of a womans eye.

Lifan. In Ioue, and in *Archades*.

Dem. As much as heauen transcends the humble earth,
So towers her praise, her face differs as farre
From others, as a glo-worme from a starre.
She is a princeesse that my soule affects.

Page. And rich.

Dem. Halfe heyre vnto this Dukedome.

Page And shee were whole heyre to the foure morrall Vertues,
twere nothing: when shall I see the time that men will loue for ver-
tue, or a rich heyre marry a poore weench without a portion, neuer I
thinke.

Dem. Had not my friend *Lifander*, *Lifan.* What of me?

Dem. Lest me in Thrace.

Lifan. We had neuer met in loue,
His fillables betray him. I arrest you. *Dem.* At whose suite.

Page Not at his Thylers in any case, for theres no greater stick to
a younger brothers conscience, then to pay for a sute of apparrell
when tis worne out.

Dem. *Lifander* on his ghost.

Lifan. *Demetrius*,
Or some illusive tenant in his shape.

Dem. Vnkind, why dost thou leane my company?

Lifan. For that which made the sinuous Gods leane haue,
For loue: but why is *Demetrius* thus disguised?

Page For that which would make a lacknapes a Monkey, and he
could get a taylor. *Dem.* Peace rogue.

Lifan. Why wagge, is thy maister in loue?

Page Faith for he hath entred his action in *Chips* chert, & matters

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to proceede in the sute it should seeme.

Dem. Why didst not take my counsell in thy choice?

Lisan. Because I feard a chiding, for doubting thine honorable thoughts would not haue consented to my effeminate attempts, I stole this secret course, and manner of disguise, as best helping to access, which it hath begot, now what access will bring forth, I commit to vnborne Industry.

Dem. It cannot but be prosperous, onely the strict obseruance of our loues, hinders the passage of our hopes.

Lisan. Indeed thats not the least hinderance, yet the Duke himselfe, and my quaint disguise hath removed 'em out of my way, who not onely takes mee for a woman, but hath allowed mee for my lones companion.

Dem. Fortune deales kindly with thee, I am as farre from access to my loue, as when I was in Thrace.

Lisan. *Damet* is the oyler shell that holdes thy pebble, our witte must fish for him.

Dem. V Will the Gods head byte?

Lisan. Like an old Vsurer at a young heyres inheritance, and I hate ready hook for him: and heere he comes, my plot is to preferre thee to his seruice.

Enter Damet.

Dem. Prethe doe, and Ile serue him in his right kinde.

Lisan. *Damet*, my loue is yours.

Damet. V Which madam I am as proud of.

Manaf. As a malecontent of a change, or an old Lady of a new fashion.

L. To be rou'd I haue a sute to you in the behalfe of his woodman.

Da. To me sweet blossom, tho I be somewhat strict in mine office, I cannot be stony to Ladies. Fellow is thy petition drawne?

Dem. Petition.

Manaf. Your onely way to moue a sute by: Humbly complaying to your good worship, O my most pathetick, and indeed without money, can doe iust nothing with authoritie.

Damet. Come hether stripling, whose sonne wert thou?

Dem. I am not so wise a child as you take me for, I neuer knewe my father.

Damet. Didst not know thy father?

Manaf.

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Mauf. A common fault, his betters forget themselves while they grow rich, then blame not him to forget his father.

Dam: VVhat was his name?

Dam: If I may give credite to my mother, they call him *Menalchu*, who on his death-bed made mee his heyre, with this charge, to seeke your worships service, & gave me this gold as a remembrance to purchase your favour.

Dam: Gold him?

Ma: Now doth my Maister long more to finger that gold, then a young girl married to an old man, dooth to runne her husband? ashore at Cuckolds haire.

Dam: Well, I could doe for this fatherlesse youth,

Ma: As many Executors and Overseers haue doone, cheate him of his portion, and then turne him out of doores a begging.

Dam: But for I haue the gardian ship of the Prince, I dare doe nothing without the content of the Duke.

Ma: Come come sir, your worship shall not refuse him.

Dam: Well then I woe not, but tis for your sake I assure you.

Ma: Meaning the gold.

Dam: What shall I call thy name?

Dam: Dornus art like your worship.

Da. Ah, good *Dornus*, be an honest youth *Dornus*, reuerence your Maister, and loue your selfe: be late to get vnder me, and you shall loose nothing in my seruice. Madam, the Duke and Dutches expect you at the hunt, & await your comming at Dianaes oake.

Lisa: Ile attend them presently, be a good seruant *Dornus*.

Dam: I will be his owne another day Madam.

Lisa: In the meane time let it be yours to lead the way.

Dametas: My seruice doth attend you,

Ma: As the Pursuant doth the prisoner for a double fee. *Exit.*

Dam: Welcome slaues to a slaue, a fayre presage,
The hope of loue sweetens loues vassalage. *Exit.*

Enter Amant and Iulio, attyred like Satyres.

Amir: Now & *Dametas* be the mettle he was stamp't for, a right villaine.

Iulio: And he be not, hang him.

Am: Nay he deserves hanging to if he bee: but wilt you trust him?

Iul: Yes as farre as I see him, and bee that trusts him further, my

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trust is he will be deceivd.

Amin: Indeepe, he that will proue false to his maker, wil be true to no man.

Iul. Yes for the present time, like a bawde to him that gives most.

Amin: Thats not for loue.

Iul: Yes of the mony : he that lookes for other loue in this age - This is the place his Letter speakes of, and here he comes himselfe.

Enter Dametas like a Huntsman.

Dam: Why so lo : now is the web of my hopes vpon the loombe of perfection, and in this quech of lathes *Amin*ter and *Iulio*, See and see not, all mum, you know your que, The games your owne, if you can hunt it true.

Enter the Duke Basilus.

Basil. *Dametas*, were thine eares euer at a more muscally banquet : how the hounds mouthes like bells are tuned one vnder another like a slothfulnes, the speed of the cry out-ran my fence of hearing.

Dam. Crosse over the Forrest to *Dianas* oake my lidge. & there your grace advantage by the height of the ground, shall not onely at pleasure heare, but be eye-witnes of their muscally contention.

Basil. Thanks good *Dametas*, be thy directions our wines conuoy.

Enter Gynetia, Violetta, and Hippolita.

Gyn. Where is his highnes *Dametas*?

Dam: At *Adonis* bower Madam, where he expects your presence to see the fleshing of a couple of Spartane hounds, in the wasting blood of the spent Deare.

Gyne. Thankes good *Dametas*, mine eyes would not be good friends with my feete, should they not bring em to that kingly sport.

Dame. Sweet Ladies, to save you the expence of much breath, which must be laid out in the purchase of the game, I have provided you this stand, from whence your eyes may be commanders of the sport : such sport as you little dreame of.

Viol: We are your loues detters kind *Dametas*.

As I loue vertue I pittie these poore beastes,
These Syluane comoners, to see what taskes
Our couetous Forresters impose vpon them,
Who not content with impost of their breath,
(Poore harts,) pursue them smiling to their death.

Dame: Twas the end of their creation Madam.

Hippolita

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Hip. So was the end of ours to live in peace,
And not to tyrannise on harmlesse beasts,
But Forresters, like Images set forth
The tyrannie of greatness without pittie,
As they the Deare, so covetous wealth pursues
The trembling state of their inferiours,
And to claspe vp the volume of their sinnes;
They drinke theys blood, and clothe them with their skinner,
Then cease to presse poore beasts with tyrannie,
You loue your liues, thinke they are loth to die.

Dam. You are too tender-hearted to be a good huntswoman lady.

Viol. And some of you too hard-hearted, but leaving this discourse
of hunting, haue all our gallantry of Lacedemon and Greece, spent
the vigor of their wits, that not one dares yenter.

Hip. For our loue sister, you may see the proper women, the
worst lacke.

Dam. Tush you shall haue sisters, feare not madam.

Hip. No at any hand sister, for with a feare it comes.

Viol. Then Ile feare of purpose, because I would haue em come.

Dam. And they doe not, they are notable cowards.

Hip. Then let em keepe away still, for I haue vowed my maiden-
head shall neuer doe homage to the bed of a coward.

Dam. Sweet Ladies, will you beguile a million, or two with this
discourse, till I step up to the top of the hill, and make discouery of

Viol. Let your return be speedy good *Dametas*. (the game,

Dam. Ile put on wings and fly. *Exit.*

Viol. Out of the Court, and the whole Country shall haue a good
riddance.

Amint. So, hee hath put em faire to the stand, lets issue and surpris.

Enter Beresolus and Ioddaine: (them,

Amint. and Iohn, issue out and heare them away.

Viol. Murder, treason, rescue, helpe,

Enter first Dametas, and then the Duke.

Dam. Yes much reskewe, much helpe, much *Dametas*: why so,
this iust was drawn home close to the head, it cannot chuse but cleaue
the very white of our hopes, the Dukes-wit: to thy tackle good wit,
some suddaine sea roome, or our stratagem is run a ground.

Basl. Tell me *Dametas*, was not the Deare a prodigall, did he not

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spend his breath freely amongst vs?

Dan. And his blood for my hege; but did you obserue how the hounds like politicians nosd out the game?

Ba. True: & comming to the lustie *Adampas*, but where are our daughters?

Da. Did you obserue that my liege, that *Adampas* as a true hound is euer horse cheerd or hollow, yet he kept timore.

Ba. Certaine *Damertu*; but where are our daughter-men?

Da. Busie my Lord vnder a brake bush, disputing of the vertue of sweet water, and ground lule.

(My wife is a case, husband) vnder, helps.

Ba. Y^e What cry of treasons that *Damertu*!

Pray God no danger set vpon my daughters,

Seeke out our wife, He hath two other stakes.

Da. And my sword is employd? all grace: sayes may to that my Liege, I am for the adventure my selfe, if they bee surpris'd (I am a mad man) your grace shall heare more: if not (I am the more forrie) your grace shall heare more to make peace with your thoughts till my returne; and doubt not their recovery.

Enter the Daughter with her daughters, Damertu,

Ladyes, &c.

Gm. Speake, where's the Duke?

Ba. Heere my Gentle.

What meane these weapons, are our daughters safe?

Vol. As a thiefe he's mill father, we thank our redeemers.

Dam. The more my griefe, were you surpris'd then madam?

Ysp. Yes sayth *Damertu*.

Da. And how sweet Ladies, and how were you reskew'd?

Gm. Being surpris'd, this gallant *Amalon*

Press to their reskew, had you seene what worth

She and this woodman spent in our defence,

Wonder would ha beneft you of all sence;

She rais'd her sword with such a manly grace,

As had not her mild sexe contrould my thoughts,

I could haue falne in love with her high worth.

Ysp. You over-price vs madam, not our defense

But the spirits of our opposites;

Which haue made the dumber of our worth.

Ba.

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Basil. To please your modesty to lesson it,
But it shall still live great in my regard. What woodmans that?

Demetrius. My fellow wot my Liege.

Basil. V. What were he be, he hath deseru'd our loue.

Fellow be neere vs, and for this desert,
Performd against these Traytors to our blood,
Vnder my maister we giue thee an attendant,
To garde the life and safety of our daughter.

Hippolitus. Thanke you good father, who euer loose by the bargain, I
ha got me a seruant by the match: wot serue me fellow?

Demetrius. In the best I can,
In haue your fellow, though in show your man.

Hippolitus. He try your deuious seruice: I command,
Your knee to kisse the ground; your lip my hand.

Demetrius. Pardon me Madam.

Hippolitus. Heeres hote loue no doubt;
I may command my man; and goe without;

Basil. Truce to this syrie ware, these paper bullets

Better become a Glossethen a Parke,

The Forrest musick is to heare the hounds.

Rend the thin ayre; and with a lustie cry

Awake the drowlie Eccho, and confound

Their perfect language in a mingled sound.

Then to the Court, our Forrest sport being done,

A second chase of lonelier sport's begunne. *Exeunt.*

Demetrius. If fortune crossenot what our hopes pursue,
Our feares haue met theyr deaths, our loues theyr due. *Exit.*

Demetrius. Cross in my hopes, the Ladies reuok'd, and the Princes
like crutches beate out of the game place, my inuention must turne
travailer for more stratagemes: what &c I should discover their plot
to the Duke, attach em for traytors, and begge their lands for my la-
bour; though they be my friends, were a pretty parcell of pollicie.
All things are lawfull that doe profit bring,
A wife-mans bow goes with a two-fold string.

Enter Lisander, and Demetrius.

Lisander. Did euer two printes meete such strange changes in their
loues? now we haue wrought our admittance, and in a manner got

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em into our possessions, our hopes like false fires being brought vs within ken, vanish, and leave vs out of all comfort.

Dem: That the duke should doare vpon thee for a woman, makes for our purpose, but that the doches should be enamoured on thee for a man, is prepostrous.

Lisan. VWhether my valer shew me in the rescue of thy Ladys, of the ardent glances her daughters beuoy flatter, or mine eyes, give her thoughts incouragement, I know not, but her hopes stand confident I am a man, & for that cause am I hard from access.

Dem: I way thy courtrances by mine owne, for thou by the Dukes allowance I am her priuiledged attendant, yet such looks deuotifines of *Dametis*, that I cannot toy so with success as to confer with him.

Page I can compare my lord and his friend to nothing in the world so fitly as to a couple of water buckets, for whilst hope winds the one vp, dispaire plunges the other downe, whilst I like a Hodgekenc in an Italian comedy, stand making faces at both their follies.

Lisan. VVell, since the shape of our preceeding grows so monstrous, lets cast our inscriptions in a new mold, and hauing so firme a foundation as this disguise to build vpon, lets draw the modell, and raise the whole frame of our attempts anew.

Dem: Indeepe, louers should be conditioned like tyrants, who hauing the ayne of a crowne by their eye oure, must violently ouer all lets that interuent their course, and so must we.

Lisan. And so will wee, my resolutions already bent, & if I shoote not, the next kuell I take, Loue I beseech thee breake thy bow about mine eares, and strike the hornes in my forehead; for married men to hang their caps on.

Dem: I haue met a meanes fit for my purpose already, *Lippa* *Dametis* onely daughter, is overshooes in love with me: & to her I'll saue extreame ardor of affection, and make her the shadowe vnder which I'll court the true substance of my desire *Hippatia*.

Lisan: Abbaie is then, I'll swear my intencion in death but I'll undertake thee; but heere comes one of my Barres, I must beate this importunitie, for no reasonable deniall will brash him off.

Enter the Duke.

Basil. Zelmaue.

Lisan. My Liedge.

Basil. My thoughts come like a saile afore the wind, swelling big with newes, and thine eares the midwife must deliuer me of this burthen,

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then, my Dutches is sick, hart sicke for thee *Zelmene*.

Lisan. For mee, why my Lord, I am no *Rosafolis*, nor *Aquamirabilis* to recouer sicke folkes.

Basil. Shall I be short with thee? My Ladie's in loue with thee.

Lisan. With me my Lord.

Basil. With thee my Lady: her amorous glances are her accusers, her very lookes write Sonnets in thy commendations, shee carues thee at boord, and cannot sleepe for dreaming on thee in bedde, shee's turn'd sunne-riser, haunts priuate walkes, & like a disgrast Courtier, studies the Art of melancholy. *Lisan.* Now alas good Lady.

Basil. Nay neuer pittie her, she deserves none, rather lets bend our induers to intangle her more. To see the kindnes of Fortune, who fearing we should be acquainted with solitude in this our 12 month retirement, hath begot a domesticall merriment, and made our own thoughts actors int, and as bad a Poet as I am, he ha one scarce int of mine owne inuention.

Lisan. *Dametas* will storme at that, for he cannot indure Poetrie should be countinast: but how ill my Liege?

Basil. Tis ready plotted already, and that the Dutches may not find thee vnprovided when she comes to court thee

Lisan. Court me, court a woman my Ledge.

Basil. VVhy thus the very happinesse of the iest, but in any case confesse thy selfe a man.

Lisan. A man my ledge, I ha no colour fort.

Basil. Tush he furnish thee, say thou art some Prince, no matter who, & hast to do with this disguise of purpose to court my daugh-

Li. Is this feare of your owne inuention my hege? (to *Vandina*,

Da. Mine owne yfaith, and to confirm the rather, vs more oft & priuate conference with my daughter, interchange discourse & amorous dalliance, oh twill set my Dutches affections a fire, so thinke her smald by her daughter, and giue vs smooth passage to our leane,

Li. How occasion plaies the wanton with me. Well my ledge, do but you worke my admittance to your daughter, & he bestow al the art I am woerth in courting her, and see, as if Fortune had a hand in our Comedy, she hath eured the Dutches iust at her que, shadowe our selfe in your Arke, & leane me to giue her entertainment.

Basil. Forget not to perswade some Prince in any case.

Lisan. He warrant you, he play the Prince with much art.

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Enter the Dutches.

Dutches. This way he went, on this sweet violet bed
Still dwells the print of his enamour'd tread,
The depreſt flowers haue ſtrengthened their ſweete
By ſtealing amorous kitties from his ſeete.

Baſil. Absolute Poet, *Penelope* was a ballet-maker to her.

Dut. Oh do not ſlie my preſence, gentle wanton ſtay,
What haue I found you, faith you run-away
He tye a chaine about your waſt for this,
And make you buy your freedome with a kiſſe.

Liſ. Fie madam, this curteſie is more then neede.

Dut. Be not ſo coy, let not a louing Dame
Find thee leſſe kind then ſenceleſſe elements,
Thou neuer walkſt, but the enamour'd ayre
Like an officious louer beares thy traine,
Whiſt the coole wind doth with his veluet wing
Fanne the thinge ayre vpon thy ſweetie cheekes,
Stealing ſweet kiſſes from thy ſilken lip.

Liſ. Shield this vaine breath, beate at ſome ladies eare.

Dut. But you are none, you are not, come you are not,
Your valor, lookes, and geſture ſhew you are not,
Your manly brow, and your commaunding eye,
Where war and fortune dwell in maieltie,
Your priuate walkes, and varied paſſions,
Your glances to my daughter, ſure you are not,
And my firme loue is confident you are not.

Ba. There's a tower of a right temper, ſhee ſee the
name of her ſexe inſtantly.

Liſ. Well madam, ſith your o' ſeruation hath diſcoverd mee, vpon
promiſe of your ſecreſie I confeſſe my ſelfe a man.

Baſil. Good, excellent, how truly ſhe takes my directions.

Dut. I knew my iudgement could not be deceiued,
Nor darſt proud loue haue done me ſo much wrong.
To caſt my thoughts vnto a womans eye.

Baſil. Loue darſt not, good, good, excellent, what next.

Liſ. But madam, now I am knowne to you, what further requeſt

Dut. Exchange of lookes, and freedome of thy bed, (you
Thy preſence, thy embracesments, thy kind loue,

For

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For which my amorous thoughts have long line sicke.

Basil. Thank you good wife, say & a Dutchess long to give her husbands the morning, let it never greene butchers to doe homage at Cuckolds haven.

Lisaw. Well madam, to give content to your affectiops, and in a strong hope you will mediate my sute to your daughter, lost out but for time and opportunitie, and maister your desires.

Basil. And he were a man now I might be rarely tupt.

Dan. Give me thy hand then, with this amorous kisse I seale thee mine.

Lis. And I confirm with this.

Basil. Rare, rare, rare, she's hisseald and deliuerd in the presence of D. Now least my husband should suspect our loue, (her husband.

Ba. Now, what shadow for that now.

Du. Heare a good test, perswade him th'art a woman.

Lis. Thats not to doe now madam, for he as confidently believes and ardently courts me for a woman, as you for a man.

Du. Good, excellent, maintaine that humor still, Seeme coy, looke nice, and as we women vse, Be mild and proud, embrace, and yet refuse.

Basil. Excellent vertues in a woman.

Du. I prethe doe, twill be a sceane of mirah For me to quote his passions and his smiles, His amorous hauour, and how his eye Will beget strange varietie of lookes, And shoote em into thine, but the chiefe sports this To see an old man with a young man kisse. *Exit Du.*

Basil. To see an old Dutchess a young Lady kisse. Now the plot packs the sceanes all comicall, I cannot speake for laughter, to see these women That would be counted wonders for their wit, Lay plots to gull themselves, silly conceit,

Lis. To take me for a man.

Basil. And arme herselfe To laugh at me, make iests and scoffes at me, But sooth her humor, the reuenge shee throw Vpon my head, shall fall on her owne brow. *Exit.*

Lis. Vpon you both, so, so, so, how greedily their insinuations like begles followes the sent of their own gullery, yet there are no spoiles.

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God forbid, not they: but to the drift, mirth in my warme blood fits,
laughing at this diuision of theyr wits.

Enter Violenta and Hippolita.

Hip. Wot te belceue me sifter, I neuer cate a cherry, but it puts me
in mind of a husband, it kisses my lippes with such a harmlesse pret-
ences.

Viol. Now in good dedde lo I loue em a life to, I thinke I shall ne-
uer ha my belly full on em.

Hip. Of what, not of husbands *Violenta.*

Viol. No, of cherries *Hippolita*, but take heede of em, they be a verie
siling meate, and dangerous things for vs maides I can tell you, wee
may surfet after em presently.

Hip. Surfet after what, a husband?

Viol. I and after cherries to *Hippolita.*

Hip. I warrant you sifter, an old lady in Lacedemon taught mee a
preseruatiue against that. *Viol.* For the loue of cherries what,

Hip. Marry this it was, shil sayd she, betwixt euery cherry laid shee,
be sure to cracke a stone laid shee.

Viol. Then let me alone, Ile cracke a couple a stones betwixt eue-
rie cherrv, rather then surfet on em.

Hip. You must take heede you crackè not too many to, for you
may surfet of the stone as well as of the cherry.

Viol. Nay & they be such dangerous things; I haue done with em.

Hip. So haue I to for this time, but sifter, is it not a strange kind of
seruile libertie that we live in heere in Archadea?

Viol. For all the world as Englishmen keepe their stllons, & Ita-
ans their wines, we neuer sttre abroad without our laylors.

Hip. And for what cause forsooth, onely to keep vs frō maringe.

Viol. Sure tis cyther some high content, or extreme discom-
ditie, that our father debarrs vs of it.

Hip. By this stone me thinks Plong like a woman with child, till
I know the difference betwixt a maid and a wife.

Viol. Well, god a mercy of all tursen foules, I was nere the
knowledge ont last night I can tell you.

Hip. O that I had beene with thee I might ha beene so to: for
loue of marriage how?

Viol. VVhy thus: as I lay slembing in my bed,
No creature with me but my maydenhead

Hippolita

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Hip. Is that a creature?

Vic. Some maintaine it is,
Got in the eye, conceived in a kisse:
Others whose speech seeme neere akin to truth
Say tis a passion, bred ith heate of youth,
Some callt a sigh, and some an amorous grone,
All differ in the definition,
But in the allowd opinion of most;
Tis neuer truly had till it be lost.
But lying thus alone, as maydes doe vse,
Me thought I dreamt, as maydes can hardly chuse,
And in my dreame me thought twas too much wrong
A prettie maid should lie alone so long:
With that a gallant comes, gallants can doe
Much with young maydes,

Hip. And with old women to.

Vic. He courted me once, and agen, and thrice,
Tis vertue to say nay, to be too nice
Agrees not with my humor, yet some say.
We maydes wish things, to which we answer nay,
Briefely me thought he stood so long a wooing,
I rather could a with he had beene dooing
Some other busines, yet at last we greed,
Twere strange if earnest suiters should not speede.

Hip. In what agreed you?

Vic. In our wedding ring,
Time, place, and howre, indeede in every thing:
The day appointed, and each thing in frame,
I thought each howre an age vntill it came,
V Vell, come it is, the morning once in sight,
I thought it tenne times longer till twas night:
At dinner time me thought I sweld with pride
To be dranke to by name of Mistris bride,
Musike spake loude, no delicates were scant,
Yet still me thought another thing did want,
For sure thought I, theres something in a man
That wines loue well, hope brides may wish it than.
Long look for comes at last, to bed we goe.

The Je of Gulls.

Hip. Would I had dreamt I might ha done so.

Vol. My bed-mate turn'd, and as he would ha spoke
I sweat with feare, and in that feare I woke,
But seeing my kind bed-fellow was gone,
I ord how it chafte me that I wak't so soone,
One minuts dreaming longer, I had tude,
The difference twixt a virgin and a bride.

Hip. O twould ha vext a faint, my blood would burne
To be so neere, and misle to good a turne;

Vio. And so did mine to I warrant you, nay tho I be but a little
pot, I shall be as soone here as another.

Hip. You should not be my sister else.

Vio. Nor my mothers daughter neither. *Hip.* And in good ear-
nest we are not fatherd much amiss. *Vol.* Are you wile of that,
and yfaith tell me, what thinke you of your servant *Dow.*

Hip. As of a sweet Almond in a rugged shell, the sun in a clowde,
or a welthy diamond in a rock, indeede cleane contrary to the world,
he weares the worst side outward, & is much better then he seemes:
but what thinke you of your manly Amazon.

Vio. Nay the sport is I know not what to thinke, *Zeluzant* howe
would afford proiect for a prettie Court comedie, my father counts
her for a woman, and as I feare shee is, my mother doubts yppon her
for a man, and as I wish he were, and that with such an order of af-
fection, that I could find in my hart to turne my sister out of the
companie, and play the lovers part my selfe.

Hip. How euer man or woman, the iust holds constant in one.

Vio. I knowe not what knowith motion hath had to doe with thy
thought, but my mind tells me that your servant *Dow* & my Ama-
zon, are other then they seeme: and hence he comes.

Enter first Lisander, then Miso, Adepts, Domesticks.

Miso. Why how now madam, Ladies gadding, is this the obe-
dience of your fathers charge.

Lisan. Pardon Mistris *Miso*, twas my doing and the Dukes.

Miso. But the Dutches w:ll like neither the Dukes doing nor yours
neither in this case I can tell you. The Duke states your coming, &
yet the dutches is very desirous ont, my husband is in the next Ar-
bor to man you. For you Lady, my presence be your privilege.

L. *Miso* should be either a hangman or a Herald, for shee neuer
comes

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comes amongst us, but she quarters our company and armes.

Dr. Excellent beautie, & therefore more-excellent, because situate in to faire a creature. *Mop.* You are a merry man *Dorus*, but all this cannot make me think you love me, how say you mother doth he.

Mi. May let him chole daughters, when I was as thou art.

Hip. You were as she is, but faith madam *Mopsa*, I perceiue my seruant *Dorus* beares a months mind to you, be not so straight laced to him.

Mop. Straight lac'd, God mend me I am not lac'd at all, am I *Dorus*, no in sooth, I goe wide ope wenchday, I neuer lace my selfe but on sondaies, & that for feare I should hurst with eating of plum porridge.

Hip. I mean let fall some comfortable lookes on your surer.

Mop. God mend mee Ile let fall or take vp any thing I haue to doe him good. *Hip.* Why shall kindly said, & *Dorus* your loue is verie ambitious, to chumbe so hie as the beautifull *Mopsa*.

Mop. O are you awild of that, twould make a horse breake his bridle to heare how the youth of the village will commend me, oh the pretie little pincking myes of *Mopsa* lates one, oh the fine flat lippes of *Mopsa* lates another, and then doe I bridle my head like a mack-horse thus, for mine armes a kumbo thus, wrethe my necke and my bodie thus, winke with one eye thus, & spread my peacocks taylor as broad as the proudest minx of em all.

Hip. These extraordinary graces must not want admiration, but where's your mother. *Mi.* Speake softly in the Lobby there, shee waking my Ladies foisting bound. *Mop.* Goddine, my mother's feeding of a nap.

Hip. May, she cannot be said to steale a nap, for the noise she makes her selfe would discouer her theft: but *Dorus* fah your fortunes are poore, you should studie to enoble your detour, and beget effects worthy to court and win your Ladies acceptance.

Dorus. Lasse madam, I chuse no better moderator then your selfe, betwixt me and my vnworthy strokes, suppose your selfe tho but a Cucko compared with this sweet singing Nyingale, should be sued to by a prince like me, I meane like me in love, for love in princes & peasants admits equarison: suppose *Demetrius* should in like disguise court you as I doe; *Mopsa*, sigh for you, as I doe for *Mopsa*, kneele to you thus, as I doe; to *Mopsa*, lay downe his life to you, as I doe, to *Mopsa*, prefer your good before his owne, as I prefer I da, *Mopsa*, suppose he should shew you the latten mark of his neck, to assure you.

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you he were *Demetrius*, as I do this to *Mepsa*, to witnes I am the son of *Asenlchas*, could your disdain stand out like *Mepfers*?

Hip. What a kenes necessity sets vpon the edge of inuention, trust me *Mepsa*, your seruant speaks wel, & if he can proue himselfe the man he speaks of, and a y wishes wel hope, *Demetrius*, you haue no reason to thinke scorne of him. *Mep.* Why what should I do madam, my mother tells me I must not say as I think.

Hip. I am no counsellier, but should *Demetrius* in like disguise court me, thus would I embrace him, thus seale my affections with a kisse, & thus argue: think not *Demetrius* that the clouds of basenes could so muffle thee, but that the sun of valor shined thro them long since, & in regard of thy seruiceable dutie in concealing, and vnpreiudiced policy in thus making known thy loue, lost but our fit opportunity, & in despite of all gardians strict obseruance, go where thou wilt, the worth of *Demetrius* shall draw *Hippolita*, thus would I vow, and this will I performe.

De. And were I *Demetrius* & you *Hippolita*, I would deuiue *Damascus*, outreach *Miso*, forswear *Mepsa*, & forsake *Archades* to share the fortunes of diuine *Hippolita*. *Mep.* And what should I doe then?

Dem. I do but speake in the person of *Demetrius*, & vnder *Hippolita* shadow what I intend to the rare, and neuer enough wonder'd at *Mepsa*, the black swan of beauty, & madg-howled of admiration.

Mep. Do not you flout me *Darus*, & you do not, provide a point and Ile marry you, and my father and mother shal neuer know out.

De. *Manasses* is the man. *Mep.* And Ile be the woman, who so ever say nay toote, little dreames my mother of what we haue done.

De. T may be she did, for she sigh'd & groan much in her sleepe.

Mep. T is wel she was so quiet, for she ate pease porridge to breakfast, & sheyle make me break wind in my sleepe like a horse, and as as the deuil wil hate she wakes, and here comes my father, as we do and ye loue me.

Enter Damascus.

Dam. Why god a mercy *Darus*, this diligence becomes the forwaunt of *Damascus*, and Ile prefer thee fort.

Hip. You were worse then the deuile els, for they say hee helps his seruants, then you may doe little & you cannot helpe yours.

Da. Will you break your iells against the barnes of you chamber windowes, & cleere the greene, the duke is coming to bowle, & I would not for halfe mine office you should be a rub in the way of his patience,

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patience: Daughter and Wife, conduct her to the Lodge. *Exit.*
And *Dorus*, make you haste about your businesse.

Dorus. I warrant you Sir: be my hopes rightly plapt?
You will condemne me for my too much haste, *Exeunt.*

Dorus. Why so: this tis to be in authoritie: Inferiour persons,
I and the Princes themselves, flie from my presence, like the chir-
ping Birdes from the sight of the Faulcon: my verie breath like a
mighty wind blowes away inferiour Officers (the Court rubbish)
out of my way, and giues me a smooth passage: I am the morning
starre, I am seldome scene but about the rising of the Sunne: in-
deede I am neuer out of the Dukes eye, and heere he comes,

Enter Duke, Dutchesse, Lifander, Violet.

Duke. Doth our match hold.

Dutch. Yes, whose part will you take.

Duk. *Zelmanus.*

Dutch. Soft, that match is yet to make.

Viol. Lets cast a choice, the neereſt two take one:

Lif. My choice is caſt, helpe ſweet occaſion,

Viol. Come, heere's agood.

Lif. Well, betterd.

Dutch. Beſt of all,

Lif. The Duke and I,

Duk. The weakeſt goe to the wall,

Viol. He lead,

Lif. He follow.

Viol. We haue both one mind,

Lif. In what?

Viol. In leauing the old folke behinde,

Duk. Well ieſted daughter, and you lead not faire,
The hindmoſt hound, though old, may catch the hare,

Dutch. Your laſt Boule come?

Viol. By the faith a me, well led,

Lif. Would I might lead you,

Viol. Whither?

Lif. To my bed.

Viol. I am ſure you would not?

Lif. By this ſure I would,

Viol. I hope you would not hurt me, and you ſhould.

E

Pde

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Lis. I'de loue you sweet,

Viol. Sowre, so I heard you say.

Lis. Accept it then,

Viol. Of what acquaintance pray?

Lis. Orloues, and inine,

Duke. Daughter, your bowle winnes one.

Viol. None of my Maidenhead Father, I am gone,

The *Amalor* hath wonne one.

Lis. Yeeld to that.

Viol. The cast I doe.

Lis. Your selfe?

Viol. Nay I scrape out that.

Dutch. Whose is it yet?

Lis. The Dukes play smooth and fine,

The smallest helpe that is, will make your mine,

Viol. Me yours?

Lis. Your mine, for sho the cast I loose,

I ha wonne your loue.

Viol. Much in my tether hoose.

Dutch. Come, the last marke: this cast is worth all the rest.

Viol. The leader as the follower.

Lis. Badd's the best,

I winne her for ten crownes, and there they be.

Viol. I take your lay.

Lis. A match twixt you and me.

Dutch. He be your halfe.

Duke. That were ynkindly done.

Viol. Pardon me mother, He beare all or none.

Lis. I ha wonne you Madam.

Viol. Me?

Lis. I meane your bet.

Viol. Then take your winnings, Ile not die in debt.

Lis. Madam belecue me, I am as I protest, a Prince, my name

Lisander.

Viol. Looke to the Dukes standing Madam.

Dutch. So I will warrant you, and to your falling.

Lis. Thus clouded as you see, for your loue, my soule speaks in
my tongue: I appointed this match at bowles a purpose to ac-
quaint

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quaint you with it.

Viol. Barre stealing Fathers; yet and fall hit right;
Heer's one would steale a piece of flesh to night:

Lif. Deere Madam,

Viol. No more words, I haue perceiued as much in your eie, as
you can expresse with your tongue; and as farre as my mothers ie-
lousie would giue me leaue, answered it with kind lookes: your
bias stands wrong mother.

Dutch. Why? It stands towards *Zelmanas*.

Viol. Hath it stood so long?

Dutch. All the game thro.

Viol. Then all your game's bold wrong: furnish you with neces-
saries besitting an escape, & my will shalbe as ready to take wing,
as yours; put in a cast now mother, or the game is gone inderde.

Dutch. Whose is the throw?

Viol. Ours, till the last bowle came.

But that hath wont'em cleere, both cast and game.

Lif. Our winnings come, a kisse and bate the rest,

Dutch. What doe you kisse in earnest or in iest?

Viol. In earnest in good trueth,

Duk. Troth, kindly led,

Take heed you kisse not out your maidenhead.

Viol. In iest?

Duk. In earnest.

Viol. Tis the fashion,

Much in request among our Nation,

Duk. To kisse away their maidenhead?

Viol. Now and then,

And being gone, to kisse it backe agen:

For louers indentures are nea're fairely drawne,

Until the maidenhead be left in pawne,

As earnest of the march, so mothers led,

And so will daughters do when Mams be dead.

Duk. What? pawne their maidenhead?

Viol. Yes, and loose'em too,

Dutch. And youle maintaine that fashion?

Viol. Signee Noe,

Musike of Bells &c.

Duk. Lay by this homebred mirth, and prepare your eares to
entertaine strangers.

L 2,

Viol. Strange

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Viol. Stranger? why Father, Strangers are as welcome to mee, as mine owne Countrymen; if they bring good manners, & ciuill humanitie in their companies: otherwise, they are like soule weather, come afore they be sent for.

Enter Demetras, Manassés, Iulio, Amintas.

Viol. *Demetras*, nay then we shall haue newes enough; for he neuer comes into the Presence, but he brings a whole sacke full of lyes: of newes I should say.

Duke. Welcome *Demetras*: what officious fellow is that?

Dan. A pure welwiller of your Maiesties, & a follower of mine.

Viol. O tis *Manassés*; and he could make Armes as wel as he mares Legges, he would grow in great request for Heraldrie: What's your newes?

Manaf. These *Lacedemonians*, Subiectes to your Maiestie, hauing a Messadgeto deliuer to your Maiesties instruments of hearing, commonly eclips, eares.

Viol. How? Hath any one heere, clipt eares?

Manaf. Sweete Femenine, clip off the taile of thy discourse with the Sissars of attention, as I say, these *Lacedemonians* haue chosen me their tongue.

Viol. Of a long tongue thou speakst verie little.

Manaf. That proues me no woman, for they speake ouer much.

Dnk. What greuances oppresse them? briefly speake.

Ami. Marchandise (my Ledge) through the auarice of purchasing Officers, is rackt with such vnmercifull Impost, that the very name of Traffique growes odious euen to the professor.

Iulio. Townes so opprest for want of wonted and naturall libertie, as that the native Inhabitants seeme Slaues, & the Forrayners free Denizens.

Ami. Offices so bought and sould, that before the purchaser can be sayd to be placed in his Office, he is againe by his couetous Patrone displac't.

Iulio. Common Riots, Rapes, and wilfull Homicide in great mens followers, not onely, not punish'd, but in a manner countenanced and applauded.

Ami. Indeece since your Maiestie left the Land, the whole bodie of the Common-wealth runnes cleane against the byas of true and pristine gouernement.

Iulio. And

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Iulio. And your honorable Brother, like a Shipp tosse vpon the violent billowes of this Insurrection, by vs intreates your Maiesties Letters of speedy reformation, for feare the whole kingdome suffer ineuitable shipwracke.

Duk. Which after short deliberation with our Counsell, your selfe shall returne. *Demetas*, rewarde their trauayles with 200. Crownes: in the meane time, let'em taste the best entertainment of our Court.

Proud Rebels, they shall see that a Dukes frowne,
Can at his pleasure, turne Rebellion downe;
See them rewarded.

Anri. *Manafis*, see the fellowes entertaind; I must attende of the Duke.

Man. Boy, see the fellowes entertaind; I must waite of my lord.

Boy. Fellowes, be as merrie as you may, I must follow my M.

Ami. So, heere's Peticioners attendance right; good words, and short commons: But tis not their enertainment wee come for. I made a simple shift to get entertainment into the Court.

Iuli. Well *Cupid*, pray for our liues, for and we were gone, I know not where thou wouldst haue two such statesmen againe.

Ami. His Common-wealth could not stand without vs; and that his Mother knowes well enough, and he sends no better successe then we had at our hunting, hee looses a friend of mee.

Iuli. T'will not sinke in my thought yet, but that olde mustie slave *Demetas* playde the slave with vs.

Ami. Would I could prooue it once; but since we are againe admitted our Realme, shall wee be idle? somewhat weele doe, though theyle giue vs but small thanks for our labour.

Iuli. The Duke shall not say his Daughters are so ill beloued, but weele change a thrust or two with his intent for'em.

Ami. T'would put the poore Wenches out of conceit with themselves, and there should not be some contending for'em.

Iui. We are in the way to catch the old one, and then our ayme deceiues not.

Amin. We are I saith; Inuention could not weare,
A quainter webbe, Suspition to deceane.

Exunt.

Enter Lisander and Demetrius.

Demet. Come, passe off this groueling imitation; a Lovers
thoughts

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thoughts must be ambitious, and like the Eagle, scorning the base
ayre where Kites and Crows he flagging mount the cleare skie
of Inuention, & ouerpeere al hindrances:

The Ladyes themselues are willing.

Lis. Ready to imbarke vpo the next tide of occasion whatsoeuer.

Demet. Let me alone to worke it then. But heere comes my
Boy. *Enter Page.*

Boy. T'were more for your credite Sir, and you could say your
man: but men & warr were worne out of fashon both in a Sömer,

Lis. I am of thy beleefe in that, Boy.

Boy. Would my Lord were so to, Sir.

Dem. Suppose I were: Sir what then?

Boy. I should (as many vptartes haue done) prooue rich: for
I belecue you would make mee your heire.

Demet. Is that part of your beleefe?

Boy. A principall poynt Sir.

Dem. Renounce it then, for I belecue you'le neuer be sad by't.

Boy. I am sure I cannot loose by't. I belecue further, that many
Knights, and some Ladyes, were neuer of Gods making.

Lis. Of whose then, wagge?

Boy. Ile tell you: the Miners quaine Gold, Gold makes He-
rals, Heralds make Nnights, and Knights stampe Ladies.

Demet. And what doe Ladies?

Boy. They lue not idlie neither; they make some Knights, and
marre manie Gentlemen.

Lis. Ladyes are good worke-women too, then?

Boy. Farre better then anie Taylor: they'le make you an ende
of a suite, especially a Court suite, when all the Taylors in a Coun-
trei know not how to ser a stitch in't.

Dem. I am of the beleefe you are a Knaue, Sir.

Boy. I had no sayth, should I say you were not.

Lis. Well, what, a Knaue?

Boy. In a Knaues beliefe Sir.

Dem. Because in yours?

Boy. Do you say't, and Ile swe're't, my Lord.

Dem. No more Boy, I am wearie of your iestes.

Boy. That confirms'em to be good Sir,

Dem. Your reason for that, Sir?

Boy. Be-

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Boy. Because travellers and lovers, are soone wearie of goodnes,

Dem. Goodie ones in deed; but leaving this high-way of circumstance; I lent you for *Manassas*.

Boy. The learned Scribe attends you,

Enter Manassas.

Dem. Will you fall off, Sir?

Boy. Like an Apple at Michaelmas, without shaking. *Exit.*

Lisa. Welcome *Manassas*: I have present employment for thee, in which I must borrow

Man. Pardon mee Madame, I learned of my Lord, to lende nothing without securitie and pawnes.

Lisa. T'is not monie (*Manassas*) but counsell and furtherance that we desire.

Man. Good counsell is worth good monie, Madame.

Lisa. Thou shalt be well considered; there'a twentie Crownes in earnest.

Man. Nay Madame, this hand's like a fellow, it takes euerie thing in itself; if you be in earnest, let me feele it heere: So Ladie, now betwixt earnest and itself, it your Will be readie drawne, before your friend deliuer'd as your deed, and put me in trust to execute it.

Lisa. Tak't, in a word this honest Shepheard, and thy Lordes daughter Madame *Mopsa*, are man and wife.

Man. Man, an woman perhaps; but not man and wife: for though most women haue a wil to be Ladies, like my Lords wife; yet euerie Ladie haue not witte to be a wife, as my Lordes Daughter. But what good can I doe in this?

Lisa. O verie much: for though they be man and wife by oath and protestation, the chiefest ceremonie of all; namelie Mariadge, is yet vnperformed, and hearing that you haue tane orders,

Man. That I haue: I haue tane order for the making away of a hundred Maidenheads in my time, and not so few: but I am in the miade of you now, these two Beagles, *Dem* and *Mopsa*, haue run themselues breathlesse in the chafe of loue, you would haue couple'm vp in the leases of Matrimonie.

Lisa. You are in the right.

Manass. And you in the wrong, He keepe your ieast, but in any case take backe againe your earnest: ile not purchase my Lords displeasure with your gold,

Lisa. Thy

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Lisa. Thy Lord shall neuer know't.

Man. Oh sirl though my M. hath but bad eyes, he hath exceeding long eares; and though a Forrayner may play with a Citizens wooden Dagger, I would not with any to iest with a Courtiers Steele Sword; tis seldome drawne but it drawes blood.

Lis. Tush man, be not so timerous, my credit shall countenance thee; bee not an Assle, make vse of thy time: thy Maisters seruice is no heritage; the world knowes he gettes vnder the Duke, thou art a foole, and thou wilt loose vnder him: there's a hundred Crownes for thee; tush man, thy betters will straine curtley with aleagence for a bribe.

Man. Madam, could you to euery one of these Crownes giue me a Kingdome,

Lisa. What then?

Man. I should ha more ground then halfe the Kinges in Christendom: here's my hand, Ile do't: my M. is my M. & I loue him, but my gold's my God, and I honor it: Ile do't; the time & place?

Lisa. Soone in the euening at *Adams* Chapell. Art resolute?

Ma. As your Adamant: thinke you t'warfeare made me keepe out? no t'was hope of these flattering sweete lipt drabs, I feare to marrie my Ladyes daughter? no nor to go to bed with her neither. Why, I haue counterfai'ted his hand & scale. He has been content with mee, to come nearer to him, at his entertainment of the last Embassadour, when he was heat with drinking of healthes. As I led him to his Chamber, I nimde his Chayne, and drew his Purse, and next morning perswaded him he lost it in the great Chamber at the Reuels. He puts mee in trust with his whole estate: he buyes Maners, I purchase Farmes: he buildes houses, I plucke downe Churches: he gets of the Duke, and I of the Commons: he beggers the Court, and I begger the whole Countrey.

Lis. These are notable knauith courses. What breeding hast had?

Man. Verie good breeding Sir: My great Graundfather was a Rat-catcher, my Grandfater a Hangman, my Father a Promooter, and my selfe an Informer.

Lisa. Thou wert a Knaue by inheritance.

Man. And by education too: but Bawdie Informations growing stale, I gaue vp my cloake to a Broker, and crept into credite for a Gowne, and of *Manasses* a penurious Informer, I turned Cripple

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Coppie, & became *Manassa*, a most, precise, & illiterate expositor.

Democ. Were you a Reader then?

Man. And a Writer too Bullie: I set some of my Parishioners Wiues such Coppies, as their Husbands might cast their cappes at it, but could neuer come neare.

Lis. But and you vnde such a high and eleuate stile, your auditories low and humble vnderstandings should neuer crall ouer't.

Man. Tush I could fashion the bodie, of my discourse fit to the eare of my auditorie: for to cast Eloquence amongst a companie of Strangers, is all one as if a man should scatter Pearle amongst the hoggish animals eclipsed Swine: no I had paraphrasticall admonitions of all sortes: Some against couetous Landlordes, and that would I squirt awongst beggerlie Tennants: Some against Vsurers, and that would I throw in at Prison Gates amongst prodigall Banqueters: Some against the pride of the Court, and that honies the eare of the Ciizen: Some against the fraude of the Citie, and that's Cake and Cheese to the Countrey: Some against Protestants, and that's plumpes the lasie Catholicke against Papist and Protestant, and that fattens the rancke witted Puritand, against Papist, Puritand, and Protestant; and that tickles the eare of the luxurious Atheist.

Lis. Why you neuer light vpon anie Atheistes, doe you?

Man. Oh verie manie.

Lis. In the Countrey perhaps, and the out-skirtes of the citie?

Man. In the verie boosome of the Citie: and by your leaue, heere and there one in the Court too: But wee fitt'em all; for indeed wee wandering Lightes, haue (as other tradesmen haue) Commodities of all sortes, and prizes.

Lis. How doe they come by them?

Man. As manie doe by Offices, steale into them are the Duke be aware of'em.

Lis. Some buy'em at Booke-sellers stalles; but the best they bespeake of Poets.

Lis. Mee thinkes Poets of all men, should not edisse, they are to enuious.

Man. One to another, to no bodie else: a proud Poet is for all the world like a Puncke in request, couetous of manie Clientes, when she hath more then she can handsonely play off: You shall

F.

The Ile of Guller.

shall haue some Poet (*Apollous* Vicar, especially) write you a comickall, Pastorall, Tragickall, Musickall hystorie in prose, will make the auditors eyes runne a water like so many waterisposses: I had one of them my selfe, and your eares be in case, He giue you a taste on't; his argument was fet out of the Poem called, *The lost sheepe*: and thus it is.

Lis. Pre'thee be briefer?

Man. Nay peace, and it were in place where you might wake, the best men in the parish, for commonlie they sleepe the beginning, becaule they loue not deuision: but to the lost Sheepe. Beloud, you must imagine this Sheepe was a Sheepe, a lost Sheepe; a Sheepe out a the way: but my deare flocke and louing Sheepe, whom like a carefull Shepheard, I haue gathered together with the whistle or pipe, as it were of mine eloquence, into this fold of peacefull Communitie; Doe not you stray, doe not you flie out, doe not you wander, doe not you loose your selues; but like kinde Sheepe, and valiant Rams: I speake to you the better part and head of my flocke. As I say, you shall see the valiant Rammes turne all their hornes together, and appose themselves against the Woolfe, the hungrie Woolfe, the gredie Woolfe, the Lams-devouring Woolfe, the Woolfe of all Woolfes, to defende their Eawes and young ones. Durst you lay all your heades together, and with the hornes of your Manhood defende your families, your owne wines, and your neighbours children: Was not this stinging geere?

Lis. A good Sheepish admonition.

Man. The fitter for my Audience: while you live, haue a care so fitte your Audience.

Lis. Thou speak'st like a Christian: pre'thee what Religion art of?

Man. How manie souer I make vse of, He answered with *Pianus Ortelio* the Italian: I professe the Dukes onely.

Deuot. What's his reason for that?

Man. A very sound reason: for sayes hee, I came Raw into the world, and I would not willinglie go rosted out: so close vp the stomacks of your Discourse with that dry answer, and euey man about his businesse.

Lis. You're be mindfull of to morrow-night.

Man. As

The He of Gallie.

Mas As your Lawyer of the Terme, or your Landlord of the Quarter day.

Dam. Why so: the nettles I must forge my plot on, lies a warming in the furnace of my braine; and I must fashion it instantly, for feare it burst the heat. Give my conceits way, for heere comes one must helpe to proportion it. *Exit Lefan.*

Enter Damocles.

Damoc. How now *Damocles*, what winde hath blowne vp this storme of melancholie, thy countenance was not wont to be thus cloudie? Whence proceeds this sodaine alteration?

Dam. From mine owne hard fortune my Lord, that my ill-starred nativitie should continue thus opposite.

Dam. Art crost in a sute at Court? or what's the matter? speake.

Dam. He acquaint your Honor: I hope no other care over-heares vs, Vnder *Dianas* Oke I founde an Inscription vpon a stone, which told me, that wealth *Aristomachus* sometimes brought into *Archades*, had there vnder hid a massie summe of treasure.

Dam. Vnder *Dianas* Oke? *Dorus* shall haue my daughter *Mopsa*: no more words on't, and thou louest me *Dorus*: smother thy golden hope a day or two; thou shalt haue *Mopsa*, but he haue all the Gold, then marie my daughter to some great man, though he be poore, tis the fashion: He be Noblie allied whar ere it cost me: shak be my Sonne in-law *Dorus*: haue an eye to the Princeesse, fall close to my daughter *Mopsa*,

Court her and spare not: now begins the sport,
Kisse her, doe kisse her; thou shalt pay sweetly for't.
I can gull you, know what faire words can doe,
I'me an old Knaue, and a young Courtier too. *Exit.*

Dam. So, so; how violently he deuours his bane, and steales himselfe into the order of *Gullerie*: mee thinkes I see how betwixt hope and feare he sweates in his practise, and like a foolish dreamer, castes how to lay out his wealth before it comes in. So much for him: Now to my Ladie Beautie his wife; and as the Duell would ha'te, heere she comes.

F2

Enter

The Ile of Gullies.

Enter Miso.

Miso. *Dorus*, how now *Dorus*? What time a day is't with you?

Dor. What time a day so'ert be with mee, tis sleeping time with my Lord, I'am sure of that.

Mis. Sleeping time *Dorus*, what dost thou meane by that?

Dor. Nay nothing: he is troubledd with a kind of *maladie* cold
Insurrelio carnis.

Mis. How, a dish of Crenices? nay and that be the worst, good enough: I am glad a fallcs to Fish, for he was given to Flesh a late too too bad.

Dor. Masse I thought as much, for I saw him go a angling.

Miso. I bold my Ladiship to some Trumpet.

Dor. Life, a ielosie; I thinke you are a Witch, t'was so indeed.

Miso. Nay I thought as much: he was wont to kisse mee, and doe all kindoes a man could doe, till he came to the Court; and now he will not lie with mee forsooth: and why? tis the Court fashion. He will not loue mee, and why? tis the Court fashion. I must not come neere him at his downe lying, nor his vprising, &c. And this be the Court fashion, would I were an honest woman of the Countrie againe, be Courtiers who list. 1, 1, *Dorus*, I tell thee in teares, hee hath not done by mee, as a Husband should doe.

Dor. Tis nothing to mee, I cannot do withall Madam, would I could.

Mis. Yes marie mayst thou *Dorus*; thou mayst, and shalt doe withal too and thou wilt: but as thou lookest to enioy my daughter *Messa*, acquaint mee with the olde Foxes starting hole.

Dor. That's past my cunning: the olde Foxe has more holes then one, to hide's head in: But not to goe long about the bush with you.

Mis. No good *Dorus*, I do not loue a man should go long about my bush: What is she for a woman?

Dor. I know not what shee is for a woman; marie I feare she's little better then a Whore for your Husband; harke in your care, shee's *Manasses* wife.

Miso. *Manasses* wife? marie fire Maister gunner, a Puritane turnd Puncke: Gods my precious. Hee slit her nole, as I am a Ladie will I: is shee the partie you wot on?

Dor. Yes

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Dor. Yes sayth Madam, shee is the Mare the man rid on.

Mis. Ile spoile their sport, saddle my Mule there, haue an eie to the princesthalke ha my daughter and be but to spite him withal, faith Fox ile ha you out of your hole, or ile fire you out.

Dor. Nay that will doe no good, but for your owne good Madam, take heed you doe not scold.

Mis. Why may not a Lady scold *Dorus*?

Dor. Scold, O in no case, twill marre a Ladies beautie cleane, and make her looke as hard fauoured as any ordinarie woman.

Mis. Godamercie for that *Dorus*, Ile not loose my beantie for twentie on'em: saddle my Mule, bring me my chopping knife, Ile geld the lecherous Goat, and mince his Trull, as small as herbe to the pot. This is not scolding *Dorus*, is't?

Dor. No this is tollerable.

Mis. Nay then I care not, saddle my Mule I say, let her pray God her feeling be good, for as I am a Ladie, Ile not leaue her an eie to see withall, and yet I will not scold neither. *Exit.*

Dor. Oh take heed of that at any hand, So, so, so: now it begins to quicken me thinkes, I see alreadie how she runs atilt at the Wenches eies: calls the maid Baud, the woman Whore, and her husband Lecher: and when all comes to all, like an Irish Wolfe, she barks at her owne shadow: but committing her and her Assle to their wildgoose chase: now to my sweet hart *Mopse*, for she's all the blockes luff in my eie to stumble on: and God bleffe my wits, for the scole haunts me.

Enter Mopse.

Mop. *Dorus*, where's my Father *Dorus*?

Dor. Your Father, Oh my deare *Mopse*!

Mop. Nay now you flout me?

Dor. Flout you? oh the faire heauens, but this it's for a man to cast away himselfe in violence of passion and extremitie of lighs on a piece of beautie, that cares not for him, but it is the tricks on you all.

Mop. Trickes, no as god mend me, and I should not haue a husband till I got him with tricks, I should lead apes in helts but faith tell me, dost thou loue me *Dorus*?

Dor. Doe I loue you quoth ye, It cuts my very heart strings, doe I loue you? why tis the onely marke my Inuicours shoot at.

F 3

Mop. If

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Mop. If thou dost not hit the mark, then thou'rt a very bungler: but where is my Father?

Dor. Why I have sent him and your mother out of the way of purpose, and appointed *Manasses* to meet vs this euening at *Adonis* Chappell in the *Amazons* apparell, to marrie vs: I thinke this are signes I loue you.

Mop. I but you ieast, I doubt you will not marrie me?

Dor. Will you meete me there?

Mop. As I am a Virgin I will.

Dor. And come with an intent to marrie me?

Mop. As I hope to be a wife I will.

Dor. You must take heed you keepe our purpose close,

Mop. As I did the losse of my Maydenhead.

Dor. Why haue you lost it then?

Mop. Many a deere day agoe, yet I told Nobody on't but my Mother and our Horsekeeper, and they say I am nere the worse mayd for that, and I can keepe my owne counsell, as I hope I shal, but will you meet me soone?

Dor. Iust in the mid-way, as Tilters doe.

Mop. Ile goe afore and stay, but doe not deceiue me, and you doe, Ile shew my Fathers Horsekeeper all as God mend me.

Dor. So *tria sequatur tria*, now am I rid of a triumvirie of fooles, and by there absence haue won a free access to an escape.

If my *Lisanders* hope proue like to this,

This night shall Crowne vs Monarchers of our blisse.

Exit.

Enter Duke and Lisander.

Duke. No more of these delays sweet Madam, your loue hath broken day oft with my expectance, I dare giue it trust no longer.

Lisa. I confesse it my Liege, and like a spent Deare, not able to maintaine longer flight, I cast my selfe downe breathlesse at your loues mercie: yet I beseech your Maiestie, let not your eager desires, practise any present violence vpon my yeelding chastitie: twas onely possession of my loue you had in chace, which with conuenient time & place purchased, I put your grace in full possession of.

Duk. Although thy Breath be neuer but Muscall, yet it neuer taught the string of true happines till now: and to approue thy heart

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heart sets hand to thy word, appoint the time.

Lisa. Then this present evening (and yet my Virgin blood,
and a hand to consent to the betraying of my modestie) meets
me at *Adonis* bower, where it make tender of subdued chastitie
to your high Maiestie, as my first & most victoruous conquerour.

Duke. By my Imperiall Globe, and hope of those loyes, thy
presence shall bring to enrich me with, it meets thee, and make
thee Queene over the most submisle Captiue that euer loue tooke
prisoner.

Lisa. If you deceive me.

Duke. Not except warme life,
Deceiue my voice of their innature heate.
Then hast slow time, exchange thy leaden sleets,
For *Hermes* wings till I my faire hopes meets.
But lockt once in the armes of my delight,
Cloth all the world in an eternall night.
And speed of morning when the Sunne should rise,
They shall see two in my *Zelmans* eyes. *Exit.*

Lisa. So farewell thought I, I have prepar'd you a *Zelmans*
answerable to your expectation.

Then triumph in thy will, and let thy thoughts;
Proclaime a labiles my teeming hopes
Are now deliuered of a gracious birth,
Which I have Christened, opportunitie.
Vnto whose shrine in honour of this day,
My thoughts shall hold a monthly sacrifice.
Loue graunt *Demetrius*, meets the like successe,
Our paines are crown'd with double happinesse.

Enter Iulio and Amintor

Iulio. Onely our disguises hold firme, but all other attempts
meets vntimely deatnes, euen in their cradles.

Amintor. What and wee should acquaint the Ladies with our
intent.

Iulio. I would argue a kind of cowardise in our wits, that ha
such suspitious admittance to there presence, as this disguise hath
purchased vs, we should not haue that abilitie of inuenture to en-
tangle'em

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tangle'em in their owne securitie.

Amint. Well howsoever, we must not dwell long determining for the libertie of stay with *Dametas*, who out of his courteous disposition in detaining our reward, allowed vs the eldest day of our licent abode at Court, is run out.

Iuli. Tis very true, and for my part, Ile rather go home with a priuate repul'e, then managing any vnlikely attempt, become sufferer vnder a publike disgrace.

Ami. That is my very thought, yet that our second arimall bee not altogether empty of imployment, lets practise something vpon *Dametas*, and acquaint the world with his coward basenes in which, he not only detracts from his masters bountie, but looks how as Conduit head or matter-spring that is poisoned, doth his best, to infect the whole bodie of the court, with the leprosie of his couetousnesse.

Iuli. Theres no action of his begetting can be said to be truly honourable.

Ami. How can they when there Father's a mungrell, the Duke out of his honourable bountie commaunded him to reward our trauailes with 200. Crownes: and now after two moneths attendance, and enforst delayes: In which time an ordenarie petitioner might haue spent the valew of the reward, he packet vs off with 50. Crownes, his excule being that his master hath forgot vs, and what he doth, is of his owne bountie, as if the Moone should brag she gave the world light, when at the luster she hath, comes from the heat of the Sunne.

Iuli. Should his villanies be suffered to prosper, they would grow to such heighr, as the Dukes authoritie should ha much trouble to prune them.

Ami. To preuent which, his maiestie shall haue priuate note of it, knew we in whose trust to conduct it.

Iuli. Tis an Office verie few dare vndertake, he is so rimted to the Dukes good opinion.

Ami. Lyes there no iarre twixt none of the Nobilitie and him, what say you *Zelmunes*?

Iuli. The gallant *Amason*: you could not ha cast your choyce fitter, for her honorable minde maintaines deadly feud against his base proceedinges: and heere she comes, attended by *Dametas* seruant, lets waite on oportunitie.

Enter

The Ile of Guls.

Enter Lifander and Demetrius.

De. Lifander.

Lif. Demetrius.

Iolo. Lifander and Demetrius, stand close, of my life we are come to the birth of some notable knavery.

Ans. How blowes the winds of our hopes?

Lifand. Fayr to the point of our expectation, I have made away the Duke and the Duke's ch.

Dem. How made away them? poysond them.

Lif. with a confession of loue, which I haue so tempered with false promises, as theyr minds are in loues heaven already: Violent in Adonis bower, wher this euening I haue giuen em my word to meet em; but I haue so cast it, that Menaffes shall meete em in my steele.

Dem. Twil be a rare scean of myrth, to hear what costily discourses they bestow vpon the soles in thy outside.

Iolo. De you heare that.

Lifo. yes, thanke loue and my cares, but list the conclusion.

Life. I haue cleared the way to Violata, but what order hast thou tane, with thy barbolts: Damata, Myse, and amorous Mopse.

Damet. shot em away, at three scurall markes, yet so conueyd it that in the end they shall all meet at Adonis chappell.

Lifan. This proiect cannot but bring forth some notable deceipt.

Iolo. My hopes should want of thyer will, and it do not.

Lifand. Now we haue made a sinooch passage to our escape, how shall conuey our louers out of the Island.

Dem. I haue determined of that fir, and better to effect, my boy this time hast cast such a bait of knavery to the two Captaines, Kalandar and Philmax, as we may passe without suspicion.

Lifan. But how for transportation.

De. I am furnisht of that to, you remember the two Lacedemon intelligencers

Lifo. Now what of vs.

Iolo. Hold my life, we shall be put in this scean of gallery.

Lifan. Oh in any case.

Dem. For the loue of Cupid do, inquiris past, lets take our entrance, and passe ouer the stage like mutes, to furnish out a shoue.

Lifan. And see occasion like a kind wench presents em in the very instant my honest friends welcome, haue you not your dispatch

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with a letter to Lacedemon.

Ant. Madam we haue, and stay onely to take our leaues of your Ladiship, and know what seruice your honor will command.

Lisan. you haue my thanks, for the truth is, I must commit businesse of much import vnto your trust, and to prevent much circumstances take my word, you are not ignorant of the kings generall challenge.

Julio. About his daughters.

Lis. you vnderstand me, with these few crowns receiue my mind which is to conuey the 2, ladies whome we in these disguises haue wooon to Lacedemon,

Ant. were we but confirmed of your of estates.

Lis. wele giue your sufficient assurance of that and the princesses themselues shall confirme it.

Julio. we craue no better madam, but shall we not ha yours honors company.

Lisa. No : hauing brought them aboard, weele make returne to the Duke, to let him vnderstand we stole not our prizes but wooon them manfully at the point of wit.

Ant. A noble resolution.

Julio. His foile wil appeare the more palpable, and your conquest the more applausable, where shall we receiue the Ladies.

Dem. Be that our care, but on your liues be heedful of your safe

Ant. More then of our own my lord, (ties.

Dem. Inough whilst you attend weele to the Duke, and play all guls or none.

Julio. All Guls indeed since you had follicies whip,
No guls, to all guls, fooles loue fellowship.

Exeunt.

Enter misse and Mop.

misse. Looke well to mine Ass theer, lord how I sweat with anger; this fames the house sure, and now like a wise Lady let me count my hurts, and see how I shalbe reuengd : it shalbe so, she haue em both catted, and minasses shal go afore like a whiffer and make way with his horns, where be these whores : open the doore, wher be these panders : O that I were not a lady : I could scold like a butter-whore, *Ent. misse.* whose there a gods name, lord for his mercy is the woman mad. *misse* : yes I thanke ye fort : horn mad, wheres your companion whetes the old leacherous goat my husband. open the doore I say. *misse* . Iesus for thy mercie sake madam, w'at do I want.

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Mis. What do I want, the chiefe implement a woman should haue I want that as a woman cannot be without, I mean my husband, I want *wife*, your husband, I sawe him not as I am an honest woman.

mi. not as you are an honest, so I think, but as you are an arrant whore you did, you must haue your Creuisshes with a pox cannot Citty Maunchet and fresh cod-ferue your turne, but you must haue Court cake-bread and Creuisshes with a vengeance, but come giue me my husband, or ile haue him out of the flesh on thee, and yet I will not scold neither.

wife Pray Madam ha patience & what should your husband do here

mis. That which he should do at home with his wife, and he were worth his eares. *wife*, Lady I protest I do not know him,

wife. Not know him, thou liest in euery vaine ith hart thou lyest, thou knowest him, and as Adam knew Eue thou knowest him, hee hath bene as inward with thee, as euer he was with me, he hath by his own confession he hath, & thou deniest it, thou liest in thy throat like a Puritanicall whore as thou art, O that I were a butter-whore for an houre I might scold a little.

wife Madam they are no honest men that bring these tales to you

mis. Men bring tales to me, I defie thee in thy guts, I defie thee, men bring tales to me, thou takest me to be one of thine own church doct: they are no honest men that bring tales to thee and ha wiues of their own, and my husbands one of them, go thy waies now.

wife. I beseech you madam do but heare me.

mis. Hear thee, I haue heard too much of thee, too too much too much, wheres my husband, bring forth my husband, ile teach him to put a difference betwixt Ioan and my ladie I hold him ten pound out, and yet I wil not scold neither, and I had bin an old hag past tea ming as his whore is a puritan, it had bid som what, but being a wo man of Gods making, and a ladie of his own, and wearing mine own haire which is much in a ladie of my standing I can tel you, o vse me thus, flesh and blood cannot induert, let me come in, open the dore let me come in, O that I were anie vile thing in the world but a ladie that I might scold a little.

Exeunt

Enter Kalandar and phelamex Downe, boy.

Boy. So, so, so, take your places, for the same bald pated oke is the stage, where ye shall see the part of a doting foole performed by an old man and a young wench,

G 2

Do

The Ile of Guls.

Do worshipfull *Dametis*,

The same man,

Harb he no fellow actors in his most lamentable, commical, histor-
call, tragicall, muscical, pastoriall.

Boy None that require any mouthing but his Assc and himselfe,
marry then he has Signer Martocke, a very sharpe lastyricall hume-
rist, and Mounser lespade, but he goes somewhat more blundy to
his businesse, yet heele sense for mutes, and as good as the best to
furnish out the stage.

Kal, But dares *Dorus* being but *Dametis* servant to abuse his mas-
ter thus grossely.

Boy O Lord Sir, their ha ben serving men have done their Mai-
sters farre greater abuse, yet had their wives conceald it, their eares
should neuer have bin acquainted with it.

Phi. Is that a fashion in request.

Boy Altogither Ile assure you, but obedience Gentleman the scan
beginnes.

Enter Dametis with mattocke and spade

Kal. Pray God it be good he staires so long,
Ridiculous enough, and good enough.

Dam. So, stand Assc, stand gentle Assc.

Ka. What countreimen is his Assc he speakes so familiarly to him.

Boy Ath Citty breede, marrie he picks vp his lyuing ath burs and
nettles that grow about the Court gate.

Dam. be in readines good mattocke, play thy part sweet spade,
let me see Dianæs oke & I held Dianæs oke deuine, true pure gold
honest, *Dorus*, fortunate *Dametis*.

Ka. An excellent comedyan, what life he puts into his part.

Da. So, by thy leaue stone, by thy patience honest stone, the very
grauell sauiours of treasure, this sames the bed chamber of my Lady
Pecunia, and see, see some of her golden haire, more, more, more
yet diuine tree, pure gold, honest *Dorus*, fortunate *Demetius*, soft-
ly, softly, not to fast, let me not deuoure my content too greedily
least like a cormorant I take a surfet ont.

Phi. Oh take heed of that maister in anie case.

da. Pure mettle, excellent gold : but let me see nowe, I shall by
computation haue some three millions of them, I some three or
four millions, how shall I imploy em to make the most profit of
em.

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em.

de. That would be knowne indeed.

de. Ile put out one million to vse, after the rate of seuen score to the hundreth : and yet I wnot, no fie, for then you wil ha my humor brought sth stage for a vicerer ; to preuent with scandalous report, ile put it into my Scribe-maiors hand, and he shall deale for mee.

Kal : Theres is a simple cloake to couer his villany.

Phil : Tis a very short one, : and passing slite tohide his knauerie.

boy : it cannot chose but be seene through.

daw : An other Million ile lay to bestow in Offices. I wil haue welch or ile rake it out ath kennels else, chimnies ha smoakt for alreadye, and now ile deale vpon sea-cole and salt, now, now, now, it comes, sweet gold, honest Dorus, fortunate Demetrius, deuine gold, how, how, shal I adore thee, O let me do the homage of my knees : now now, for the tongue of a Poet, tho I hate poetrie worse then any of the seauen deadly sinnes, I could wish my selfe a Poet for some houre, to write a Poem in the praise of my diuine mistres ; and see the verie bed wherein her diuinitie is lodged : happy, happy, thrice *boy.* happie Dametas, now like an oreioid louer, let mee open the sheets of my beaucallie mistris, with reuerence, so with humble reuerence, and like a blushing louer that puts out the light ere he presumes to touch the bed of his loue so let me darken the candles of my bodie, mine eies, and first bleffe my hands with touching, next enrich mine ears with hearing, and lastlie make happie my eies with seeing, and let them convey the ioy down into the bosome of my thoughts, by degrees, softly by degrees.

Phil : Did you euer see Affe make such a ceremonious preparation

daw : be not offended sweet mistris that I presume to touch,

phil : a fooles head of your owne, (bel.

Kal : Has a bin at any cost of al this inuocate for a coxcomb and a

phil : beshrow my iudgement but he deserues it,

boy : And his desert were neere so much, he could but beare away the bel, and so you saie he doth :

de : A concomb and a bel, oh indignity : damnable oke, vile and euil accurst Dorus, vnfortunate Dametas, Diana I tel thee thou art no honest goddes to vse a Gentleman thus. Whats here a writing, your helpe good spectacles, lend me your helpe good spectacles, some comfortable newes good spectacles :

The Ile of Guls.

Whoeach his hire hath well his labours payd,

Erich thou dost seeke, and store of earth thou hast.

He that vaine hopes pursues for love of pelfe,

Shall loose his wits and likely finde himselfe,

Then thinke thy paines rewarded well,

Thou broughtst the foole, heare backe the bell :

Of other matters what ensues

Adonis bower shall tell the newes,

Villanous poetry, I am made a flat foole by poetry,

But though I can do em no futher disgrace, my fatall curse,

a Wronged gentlemans fatall curse dwell euer vpon them, Diana

Heere me, and let my words finde gracious acceptance.

Kd. Hide your heads, the terrible curse comes like a ston vpon you

Dd. Rancor, spite, mallice, hate, and all disasters,

Strengthen my faith against all portastors.

May their intents be pure as christall glasses,

Be counted faults and capitall trespasses,

O may their liues and labourd industrie,

Though worthy of Apolloes plaudit be

The clearest thought in loyalty excelling

Be by some Dor presented for libelling,

when they haue writ a scene in which their braines,

Haue dropt there dearest sweets, and their sworn vaines,

Emptied their Cundits of their purest spirit,

As they stand gaping to receiue their meritt,

In stead of plaudities their chiefeest blisses

Let their deserts be crownd with miewes and hisses :

Behinde each post and at the gallery corners,

Sit empty guls, slight fooles and false informers,

Let some slye Foxe out of discreations embers,

Terme them the lands vnecessary members,

And like the deere when they haue spent their breath,

to make kings sport let them become to death,

Euen by their friends, twold let my thoughts a twanging

Might I but see one of them go to hanging.

1 Cap. A passing strange curse and no question he has traueled far for

some of the times, *2 Cap.* He must traueile further that finds any rea-

son int, *1 Cap.* No matter for reason theirs time enough and that be

good. *2 Cap.* Some of it is no better then it should be, or my iudge-

ment deceiues me, *1 Cap.* Sure he had some reason to make this time,

The Ile of Guls.

and a man could pick it out, 2 *Cap.* rather then ile be counted inquisition, mine eares shal content themselves with the times onely, and leaue the reason to the scanning of poets whom it more neerly concerns. 1 *Cap.* But wheres the wag that inuited vs to this banquet of mirth shrunk in the wetting?

2 *cap.* tware a rare iest now if whilst the boy kept vs heere in expectation of Dametas gullery his M: had made an escape with the dukes daughters, 1 *cap.* that or some knauery else vpon my life, I had the boy in shrowd suspition at the first.

2 *cap.* And this his suddaine and stolne departure, confirms it currant 2 *cap.* then we are sped, for in suspitions face, I see some subtle stratagem in chafe.

Enter wife and Manasses wife?

Wife. Will your lordship belecue me now : nay and I saie your worship may swert, tho I haue but a (poore as to say) hole of mine own I hope the spirits haue more denomination ouer me, then to make it a common slaughter house of carnallity where euery iacke may command flesh for his money, *wife.* No more words sweet woman I

confesse I was in the wronge, there is not the hole the Foxe hides his head in : and therefore for the loue of womanhood conceale mine errors, for howsoeuer I complaine tis thy forbed aks, thy temples ha

the terrible blow as the say, thy husband is a bad man. *Wife.* my husband : *wife.* I, I, good woman thy husband : he is as I say a fleshy member and I fear he hath ouercome the foolish thing my daughter.

Wife. your daughter ile slit her nose by this light and she wer ten ladies, twas not for nothing my husband said he should meete her this enening at Adonis chappel, but and I come to the gods speed ont,

ile tel em ont soundly ? *wife.* I do good woman tel em ont, & spare not but in any case do not scold. *Wife.* Why may not a gentlewoman scold in a good case : *wife.* I know not what a gentlewoman do in a

good case, but a lady must not in any case :

Wife. tho I may not scold I may tel em roundly ont I hope,

wife. that may you dolawe,

Wife. and ile not be mealely mouthd I warrant em, wil you beare me company to the chappell maddam ?

wife. withall my hart mistress, what Dorus hath given me, ile giue my friend, no foole to company.

Exeunt.

Actus quinti, scena prima.

Enter

The Ile of Guls.

Enter the duke as adams bower

Farewell! bright sunne thou lightener of all eyes
thou fallest to give a brighter beame to rise,
Each tree and shrub were tresses of thy haire,
But these are wiers for none but kings to weare,
And my rude tongue striving to blaze her forth,
Like a bad artisan doth disgrace her worth,
but heeres the place, vpon this christall streame :

Where *Cubers* did vnyoake her teame

Of siluer doves, to interchange a kisse

• With young *Adams* shall I meete my blisse :

The gentle minits crownd with christall flowers,

Loosing there youtnes, are growne vp perfect howers,

To hasten my delight, the bashfull moone

that since her dalliance with Endimion,

Durst neuer walke by day is vnder saile,

In steede of sheetes has spread her siluer vaile,

Each gliding brooke and euery bushy tree

Being tippt with siluer were her livery,

And the dim night to grate our amorous wars,

Hath stuck nine spheares full of immortall stars,

In sted of pearles the way on which she treads

Is strawd with Christall dew and siluer beades.

Enter Dunces.

She comes, her feete makes musicke with the ground,

And the chaste ayre is rauisht with the sound,

My soule flyes forth to meete her : hell my wife,

Her presence like a murtherer driues the life

Out of my pleasures breast, her ielous cie

Enuyes the heauen of my felicity.

Duc. Zelmane, or my husband life or hate.

K. What makes old Autumn out a bed so late,

that snow should goe a wooing to the sunne

When one warme kisse works her confusion.

Duc. I haue the iest, suspicion that keeps
Court in my husbands thoughts, seeing my loue,

Elect this walke, hath brought him after him,

K. She dogs her sure, and she to shake her off
Hath taine some other walke Ile place mine care
in distance of her will.

Cold

The Ile of Guls.

Duc. Could I but heare the ~~innocent~~ delivery of his breath,
twould be a second iubile of mirth.

Da. Heere comes my loue.

Enter Manasses like Lifander.

Duc. your loue? Alasse poore Duke,
Your forward hopes will meete a barren spring,
My iunne appears.

Da. Fie your loue speakes to loude,
Your sunnes eclipsit, your date vpon a cloude.

Duc. See how his armes like precious phenix wings,
Sprede to imbrace me.

Da. Now the Cucko sings,
Those amorous armes do make a golden space
To hug a Duke.

Duc. But ile fill vp the place.

Da. Those fingers tupt with curious porphery,
Straining Pigmallions matchlesse imagery,
Like amorous twins all of one mother nurst,
Contend in cutesse who should touch me first.

Duc. should touch me first: their thrife is vnderooke,
To twine a young bay not a farre stooping oake.

Da. Young bay, stale iest, that a dry saplesse rinde
should hold young thoughts, and a licentious minde,
Were he but gone now.

Duc. Were the Duke away,
My hopes had got the better of the day.

Man. This is Adonis chappell, I wonder they come not, tho I
beare a litle learning about me, and a few good clothes, I wold not
wissham to make Balams asse a me: for though many fooles take no
felicity but in wearing good clothes (tho they be none of their own)
I haue a further reach in me.

Da. I could ban my stars.

Duc. I curse my fate.

Da. That crosse me thus.

Duc. Make me vnfortunate.

Da. Alas good lady, how her pretty feet labour to finde me.
duc. that my hopes should meete such blacke events.

ds. O would the frindly night darken her selfe.

H.

would

The Ile of Guls.

Dm. Would the Moone lose her light,
That in the bosome of some foggy cloud
I might embrace my loue.

Duke. But night is purblind
To make a Duke a slaue.

Dm. To make a Duxches
wraffle with amorous passions.

Dm. life a spleene
Could my rough breath like a tempestuous wind,
Blow out heauens candles, leaue the world starke blind,
That it might either haue no eyes to see :
Or vse those eyes it hath to pleasure me.

Dm. Or vse those eyes it hath to pleasure me. **man.** Who would
ha thought the cold had bene so good a musition : howe it plaies
vpon my chappes, and maketh my teeth skippe vp and downe my
mouth like a company of virginall Iackes, but I find small musicke
in it, and Mopia should come now I could doe her litle good, yet
and she were here, she and I would haue about at cob-nut or at cheri-
pit or somewhat to keep our selues from idleness, tho she be but
a foole, the bables good enough to make sport with all in the darke
and that very word hath started her.

Enter Mop.

Mop, whose there Manasses.

man, yes Mopsa.

mop. plain **Mop.** I might be madam **Mopsa** in your mouth, good-
man &c, whers Dorus.

man, why because he wil not be saide to make too much hast to a
bad bargaine, he is not come yet.

mop, not come, a pefcod on him, but als one I thought at first he
would make but a foole on me.

man, would you haue him mend Gods wormanship?

mop. But chose him, since he hath buld me with an vrchin, ile goe
fetch Raph our hoitkeeper, let him that got the calfe keep the cow
in a knaues name and he wil, ha you your booke heere.

man, no matter wench, I can dote wel inough without booke,

mop. Nay and ye can dote wel inough your selfe, I care for neither
of them both, but indeed I loue to haue a thing wel done, for saies
my morer, a thinge once wel done, is twice done, and I am in her
mind for that vp and downe,

Dm,

The Ile of Guls.

Dus, Whose with my Lord the Duke, it cannot be,
Mine eie would not conceale such trechery.

Dus, Tis not the Dutches sure, no it is amorous Ioue,
that seeing Zelmane passionate for loue,
Descends to comfort her, Ioue if there be
A powerful Phebus God of poetry,
In deare remembrance of faire Daphnes rape,
to win my loue, lend me some stranger shape,
Such as your selues haue worne, that when your fame
is sung by poets, they maie cote my name,

Dus, Sure tis my daughter,

Dus, Daughter : how her eie
Cuts out new formes, new shapes of icalousie :

Dus. As sure as death tis she, for see they stand
like amorous twins, intwisted hand in hand,
Breast against breast, and that no ioy be missing,
To heare discourse, their lips keepe time with kissing,
He not indur't impatience grow strong,
And tho a prince, tel him he doth thee wrong.

Dus Do preethe do, this sweetens al the rest,
But here would be the elixar of the iest,
if whilst we kept each other at a baie,
A third should come, and beare the hare away.

Enter dametas.

(golde

dam, villanous poetrie, vnchristianlike poetrie, I am coxend of my
by poetrie, robd of my charge by poetrie, made an apparent foole
by poetrie, vilanous Oke, accurst Dorus, vnfortunat Dametas : whose
there my daughter and with Zelmane ? a wel-willer to Dorus, a fa-
uorite to poetrie, and therfore enemie to Dametas, come hither *map*
so, a thy fathers blessing come not neare her : what *Mapsa*.

map. yes, whose there? Dorus.

dam. Confusion a Dorus, I am thy miserable father, didst not see
map. no by my troth not ? Did ye not see Dorus . (of Hippolita,

dam. Poxe of dorus / am vndone madam and thou telst mee not
me, Pox a Hippolita, I am a dumbe woman and you can tel me
newes of Dorus

da, I had rather see ten doruses hangd then lose Hippolita,

me, I had rather see ten fathers damd then lose my sweet dorus,

da, I. shal run mad and I find not Hippolita.

The Ile of Guls.

Mop : I shall run franticke and I find not Dorus.

Dur : Whats heere, I shall run mad for *Hipolita*.

duke : And I shall run franticke and I find not Dorus, I hold my life we haue some comedy in hand, we shall haue a full sceane, for here comes more actors.

Enter Mopso and Manasses wife.

Wife Assures I am a sinner to God madam, that sames he.

miso What with a brace of wenches, I saith olde brocke, haue I tane you in the maner, is this the fruits of your lying alone ? is this your court custome with a wanton, lend mee thy kisse, tho I had neither house, nor land to giue em, ile bestow a whores marke betwixt you, and yet I will not scold neither.

mop : What a gaudyere aile you mother, are you frampall, know you not your owne daughter.

miso. *Mopso*, O insufferable wrong, make thine own natural child thy bawd,

duke Heeres an excellent patterne for wines to learne to scold by

miso. What mistres Amazon, ha you such a cocking spirit, honest Women cannot keepe their husbands at home for you : tis not for nothing now I see, that the Dutches lookes yellow on you, but ile teare that painted whores face of yours (by this light) and yet I will not scold neither.

man Madam,

miso : ile mad you with a vengeance.

The duke and dutches step both forth and restraine her.

dur, Touch not the prince.

duke On your allcagance forbear, what means this outrage, cannot our priuate walks be priuiledged from your wilde contentious.

dur : how fares the prince.

duk : How cheares my good Zelmane ?

man : Zelmane, no Gods my iudge my liege, I am Manasses, miserable Manasses, your husbands scribe-maior madam.

dur : Manasses,

dur : A foole.

mif. My man.

Wife And my deere head, alas sweet loue, what makest thou heere.

m, Mary worke for the hangman, and the Duke be not the more mercifull.

duke

The Ile of Guls.

duke There's some deceit in this, Dametas, wheres Hippolita?

dam : I, I, theres som knauery in this : Mopso wheres Hippolita?

mop : doubles theres some villany in this, Meple whers Hippolita?

mep : Thers no plaine dealing in this, Manasses wheres Dorus?

Gry : Answer directly, wheres Hippolita?

dam : Alas madam I knowe not, whilst I almost melted my selfe with digging of gold in Dianas oke, I left her in my wiues charge

wife And whilst I ran to Manasses, thinking to take my husband & his wife in the manner, I left Hipolita in my daughters chamber

man : and whilst I came to Adonis chappel to be toft in my marriage blankets with Dorus, I left my little dog pearl plucking dazies:

duke Who sent you to Dianas oke to dig gold?

Gry : who sent you to take your husband in Manasses house?

wife : *dorus*.

duke who sent you to Adonis chappell.

mep : *dorus* :

duke And who turnd you into this shape:

Man : They that I feare haue made guls of vs all, *Zelmone*, and *dorus* :

duke : we are all simply gulde, and see where the Sunne scarce halfe ready, skippes from his Easterne bed, smiling at our gullery :

Enter Lisander and demetrius.

dem : Come wheres this lusty wit-maister.

Lisa : the keeper of this loue-lottery,

dem : This gallant *Inuentus* of fouricore, that like my Lady of the Lake, displaies against al commers.

Lisan . May a couple of plaine witted princes haue a sight of your prizes :

dem : Where be these Ladies ha? ha your wits had such a skirmish ing that the two maides haue lost their heads in the conflict.

duke ; Heads, I and bodyes to my Lorde, and all at one shot, and which is worse our wits are so scattred with the terrible blow that to be plaine we are scarce our owne men againe.

dem : then you haue had some knocking,

mop : so it appears by the storie my Lord :

Lisan : How say you my lady, what Oule sings out of that luy bush

dem : was your witt knighted in this last action :

mop : I am not such a foole, I loue my lord, I am no knight, I am Manasses, they made a plaine foole.

H 3

The Ile of Guls.

Dan: the onely were, for the gaurded foole is out of request: but faith my liedge how did your opposites behaue themselves, did they win the Wenches faire at the point?

Dn: At the very push of inuention, and went off cleere vntoucht,

Lisa: And could you draw no blood of their wits:

Dn: Not a drop.

Lisa: Nor demetrius neither, nor Manasses?

Dn: Neither, to our owne disgrace be it spoken, the carriage of their stratagem deserues applause, and I held it a credit to rest captiue to such valiant conquerors?

Lisa: Why so be, I like a man that wil confesse his error.

Da: It meritts comisseration madam and my liege, not to detract from our worth: your eare, we two are the parties you wot on.

Dn: Ware you the men?

Lisa: No he was the man, mary I was the woman in the moone, that made you walk al this last night like the man in the mist, I could say somewhat to you to Madam as for *demetrius* & his man let them stand like fooles as they are.

Dn: Can it be possible.

Da: No, no, we are guls, Innocent sots, but lante tants, the girls are ours we haue won em away to dargilon.

Lisa: Come we haue won the conquest, and thats sufficient.

Da: You are a manasses tis not sufficient: aha not Hercules for iole, Ioue, for Danue, Apollo for daphene, pan for Sirne, nay the whole pack of their piperly godheads could a dischargd a stratagem with more spirit of al merit, an ambling nag and a down a down we haue borne her away to dargilon.

Enter Iulio and Hippolita.

dnc: Twas the most rarest, diuineest, Metaphysicalst, piece of inuention, that, what say you my leige.

Dn: I giue your desarts their full merritt you haue gotten equality

iulio: All the wenches gaue you:

Da: Alas what spirits vnder the moone could haue detainder but know that her cherry red lip, a downe, a downe.

Hip: Trust me but you haue deserued high commendation.

iulio: Your merritt stood of the vpper staire of admiration.

Dem: Why thou hast a pretty relish of wit, now that canst see the broad ey of my desart at a little hole of demonstration.

iulio: your desart saue me free, you haue done a most (to vse your own

The Ile of Guls.

phr ase) Metaphysicall piece of seruice, but you had some helpe in questionles, *Hip* : I do not thinke but the ladies had some hand in :

de, A finger, I confesse a finger by the hope of perseuerance, a very litle finger. *in*, I thought as much by the making of the iest. *Hip*, I cannot detract from the ladies worth, for I knowem for excellent work women, *de*, work women fit to make tailors men.

Hip. I by my faith do I, nay your best tailors are arrant borchers to em, you shal haue a lady make an end of a sute, a court sute, especially when all the tailors in a countrey know not how to set a stick in : *de*, Some ordinary sute perhaps.

Hip : your best court suits that are, are finisht by ladies, I haue known a suit my selfe lien a making and maring 3, 4, and fīue yeare together and then a lady hath despacht it in a month with a wet finger, such a finger might the ladies haue in your plot.

de, neuer wet a finger by this sun.

in. Then she helpt you with one dry iest or other, but and we may be so bold : faith where are the ladies ?

de, sure enogh I warrant you, some fooles now would haue kept em heare and haue beene guld on em againe, and laught at age, but to preuent all danger, we haue shipt em home for Lacedemon,

in : to Lacedemon, your sunne of wit shines but dimly in that methinkes, to whose charge haue you trusted em ?

Lis : to them we durst, nay you must thinke wee are no fooles,

in. Fooles : nay deepe wit, and pollicy forbid.

de, We had no sooner their surprisall, but we had disguise ready, a ship ready, a couple of lusty friends ready, the Lacedemons intelligencers : *in*, durst you trust such pretious iewels in such rusty caskets : *de*, durst, our health, our liues : why they were my tenants, nay you must thinke we sifted them, we are no fooles in that neither.

hip : If in any thing your wits deserue the bable tis in that,

in : none but fooles would haue committed such inestimable peeres to a couple of strangers :

hip : And in a ship to,

in : And vnder saile to.

de : And vnfurnisht of friends to.

de : And without shipping to follow em to.

in. you were no fooles in any thing but that, & in that not so flatter, you expresse the true shape of folly and merly merit the name of fooles. *de*. What will you saie now when these fellows surrender vs our loues ?

The Ile of Guls.

Ann Weele discharge you and let their names down for gulls in your stead.

De : you know the prouerbe when the skie falls we shal haue larks,

Lisan : And when you can bring prooffe that we are cosend of our Wenches weele be the woodcocks,

Julio : Why then we haue once springed a couple of woodcocks,

Enter Violetta and Hippolita.

Ann : Doe you know these? Who are the fooles now?

Ann : *Violetta*.

Lisan : My *Hippolita*

Ann : What a strange change is heere :

Hippo : yes faith gallants you haue very strange carding and you knew al, but I hope youle offer vp your cards and yeld the set lost.

Ann, Guls :

Lisan : And absurd ile loose my life before I loose my honor,

Ann. Honor, and life before ile loose my loue : *Draw*

De : Nay gentlemen we bar all violence, the liberty of our challenge was so all alike equally free, and since these by faire play haue won em, it stands with our honor to see them peaceably possist of em, then surely take em, for though you weare the breeches giue vs leaue to stand a little :

Hippo : why father ist not time that we were sped

Tis a great charge to keepe a maidenhead,

Looke it we must and to preuent il course,

Better to giuet then haue it stolne perforce,

if you be pleasd let enuy doe her worst

Spit out her poyson or containt and burst?

Welcome to all, to all a kind god night,

They trewly liue, that liue in scorn of spight.

FINIS.

In B. the last page, for Lord, read loue cannot be sued.

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